

# Grandfather's Story.

CHILDREN'S BOOK  
COLLECTION

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Katharine F. Richmond  
and  
Henry C. Fall

A. New Hampshire  
Book

Grandfather.  
Wrote this book,  
set the type and  
did a part of  
the binding. When  
was nearly Eighty  
years old —  
He was Father



Presented to  
Dr. F. H. Hayes,  
by L. N. S.  
Dec 12 1888\*

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\* Lemuel N. S. de  
Claremont, N.H.

Grew to Katharine F. Richmond  
by Dr. Hayes May 15, 1932.



## ADVERTISEMENT.

THE PUBLISHER begs leave to call the attention of Parents and others, in search of something to amuse and instruct the "little ones," as well as "those of riper years," to the writer's remarks on pages 32 to 36, inclusive—where he gives his reasons for recommending the general circulation among laboring people of the "Life and Writings" of Dr. Franklin; the influence of which on the youth and manhood of past generations, have, in his opinion, "done more than any other human agency to inculcate and establish those habits of industry, economy and sobriety, and that unflinching integrity and patriotism, which have been the distinguishing traits of NEW ENGLAND character." And he elsewhere remarks, that "He is profoundly impressed with the belief, that the character and writings of Dr. Franklin are, as it were, a 'scaled book' to the youth, if not to the manhood of the present generation." Why may not the present generation be equally benefited by their general circulation among our laboring people? The theory of his plan evidently is, that juvenile books once placed in the hands of the children, are almost always read with avidity by their parents. It is believed the concise and quaint style of the writer, together with the illustrations of prominent points of interest in the story, will render it attractive and pleasing to children.

 It is proposed to print two editions—one in a cheap, though substantial style, for gratuitous distribution by charitable Societies—and by philanthropic manufacturers to the children of their employés—the other edition to be made in the best style of manufacture, for Christmas and New Year's Presents.









Jasper and Ezra entering the Brake-pasture.—Page 27.

THE YOUNG FRANKLINSONIAN.

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# Grandfather's Story:

WRITTEN FOR THE CHILDREN

OF

MECHANICS AND FARMERS,

BY THEIR WELLWISHER.

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*HARTFORD, CONN.:*

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## P R E F A C E .

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GRANDFATHER WISHWELL has three or four-and-twenty grandchildren ; and, being himself a little less than “four-score years,” he hopes to have as many great-grand ones, before he is called away. And, as he wishes to do something for their innocent amusement—and it may be a little for their instruction “in the ways of virtue and good living,”—he don’t think of any better way to do it than by using a few of his leisure hours in writing a short STORY. As there are a great many thousands of GRANDFATHERS in this “goodly heritage” of ours—this “land of the brave and the free”—each one of whom may have as many grandchildren as he has, perhaps somebody will print his little book, and throw it broad-cast all over the land, so that all of everybody’s grandchildren may have a chance to read it. He really thinks it will do them good ; or, at any rate, will do them no harm—which can not with truth be said of all the story-books written and printed now-a-days.



## GRANDFATHER WISHWELL,

*To his own dear Grandchildren,*

*and to the millions of Little Readers,*

*born and to be born, in this happy land.*

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS :

**I** AM going to write for you a Story—partly true, and partly made up as I go along. The true part of my story is the life or history of a boy I have known, who was born in the Old Bay State, over three-fourths of a century ago. As he is still living, and does n't like to see his name in print, (and besides, his near of kin do n't think it's a very pretty name) I will *make up* a name for him—I will let it be JASPER. (And here let me say, that scarcely any thing but the names of persons and places, in this story, will be wholly made up.)

Now I must first tell you something about this boy's parents. His father was the son of a farmer, whose father was a Scotchman, as I am told, and his mother of Irish extraction.—If this was so, then Jasper's great-grandfather was part Irish and part Scotch, on his father's side—but stop ! as I am not going to give you

the early life of any great statesman or hero, it is n't necessary to go back and hunt up Jasper's ancestry. It is enough for us to know that his mother was the daughter of a very respectable, well-to-do farmer. His parents began life with fair prospects, as those of us do, at the present day, who enjoy good health, are honest and industrious, and have something to "begin the world with."

But it so happened, that as time wore away, through one mishap and another, the little patrimony they began with wore away also ; so when Jasper, who was the oldest of their four children, was five years old, they were very poor indeed. His father took a trip to sea, in hopes of mending his fortune, and left his mother, Jasper, his brother and two (twin) sisters, in the care of his uncle Z—. His mother taught the district school while it was in session, and the rest of the time took in sewing, and did other work for the neighbors, to keep her little ones in food and raiment.

This uncle, to relieve Jasper's mother somewhat of her cares, took him in his open lumber-sleigh and carried him some seventy-five or eighty miles, in the dead of winter, to live with his grandfather. It was a tedious, cold



ride—especially, as his clothing was not very abundant. The wind blew the snow all over him ; and if he had not been used to going abroad every day, almost, to pick up chips, bring in wood, or slide down hill—though it were ever so cold—it is most likely the little fellow would have frozen his hands or feet.

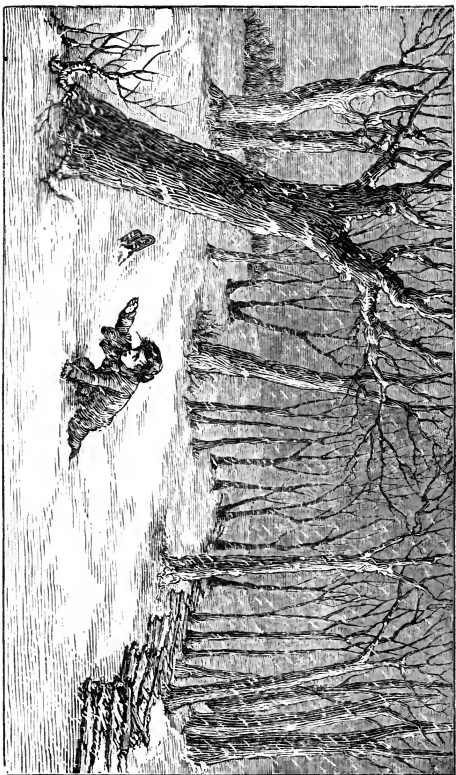
And no doubt he did feel the cold pretty severely—for Jasper has told me he remembered a little incident, which I will just mention to show the little folks that it does them good sometimes to know how to sing, though ever so small. Well—in the first place you must understand, that Jasper's mother was a very cheerful woman, and taught her little ones to sing, almost as soon as they could talk. Uncle Z— was aware of this—so, when Jasper set up a crying of cold or weariness of riding, he would divert his mind from his troubles, by calling out to him to "*sing!*—*Jasper, sing!*" A compliance with this friendly admonition, he says, had the effect to moderate the cold, or lessen his fatigue, very essentially.

Grandfather adds, from his own knowledge and experience, that in those days of primitive simplicity it was n't thought any hardship for boys or girls, six or seven years old, to have

out-door exercise—to run of errands, and breast the cold north winds in winter, even if accompanied with sleet or snow.—(But he must n't keep “losing the thread of his discourse,” as the ministers say.)

Well, at the end of his second day's ride, Jasper arrived safe at his grandfather's. He found here two little cousins—too small to be his play-mates, however, or to go to school with him : so he had to go alone, very often, when some of the neighbors' children did n't call for him. And now, my little six-years-old readers, I will give you a sample of his pluck.

In the winter of 1800, one cold, blustering morning in January, (if my memory serves me it was,) his grandmother fitted him out for school with his little great-coat, and his “go-to-meeting” little green hat, tied over his head with a handkerchief. The school-house was about a mile off, by way of the road, but not over half that distance going cross-lots. Although the snow was half-leg deep to Jasper, and still falling very fast, he started to go by the shortest cut, and had got but about half way, when along came a gust of wind which upset our little hero ; and, in the scramble to save himself, his little hat took flight “upon the wings



Little Jasper upset in the snow.



of the wind," and neither he nor his friends ever saw it again. But he did n't lie down and cry : had he done so, he would probably have frozen to death. He mustered courage—exerted all his strength, and finally entered the school-house, bare-headed as he was, amid the plaudits and hurrahs of his school-fellows, large and small.

Above, my young friends, you have a true story. Grandfather Wishwell was there, and saw the little fellow come in : and he tells it to you to show, (as he said before) that it is always the best way to accustom yourselves to out-door exercise, in very cold weather. It makes a boy (or girl, too, for that matter) strong and hearty.

By this time I think my twenty-three grandchildren, (and I hope some of my adopted ones belonging to the great number of other grandfathers I mentioned in the preface) begin to be interested in this brave little boy, and will like to read more about him. Well, I will show you how he spent his time at his grandfather's, between the ages of five and seven years.

There being no other lad near his age in the family, he was their main express-boy in running of errands. The district schools in those

days were kept only two months in summer, and two months in winter. His grandfather and grandmother were aged and pious people. They loved their little charge, and therefore kept him in school summer and winter ; and when not in school, they generally found something for him to do. He rode horse to plow, before he was seven years old—went to mill with two or three bags of grain, on horse-back. The mill was about three miles off—a part of the way was cross-lots. On one occasion, (he has told me) the steady “old mare,” in passing through a “pair of bars,” rubbed against one of the posts and scraped the bags off of the saddle on to the ground. In this sad box he did n’t turn back, and go snivelling home in despair, as some lads would have done ; but he went to the nearest house, some half a mile off, or more, and got help to re-load his grist, got it ground—went home, and was very particular how he navigated through the bars, in going to mill, after that.

He frequently served as postillion to his grand and great-grandmothers, in their visiting excursions and shopping-trips to a village (now a city,) four or five miles distant. Their carriage was a “One-hoss Shay,” which tra-

dition said had been handed down in the family from the gala-days of the great-grandmother aforesaid. Whether or no it finally came "all to pieces at once," as the deacon's "shay" that the poet tells of, did, is more than Gran'ther knows.

Our hero's father and mother being in a situation to keep house again, his uncle, on his return from his annual trip to market, took him home to them. He had been gone from his mother just about two years, and his appearance before her was a surprise, as the uncle had contrived it should be, in the way and manner following :

His parents occupied a tenement in a then recently settled town in Vermont, about a mile from his uncle's dwelling. The snow was deep, and the road but partially "broken out ;" so Jasper, (who had grown quite large for one of his age,) was placed upon the back of a steady horse, the morning after landing at his uncle's, and especially directed to ride up to his father's house, which was very carefully pointed out to him—and when he got there, to hitch the horse, knock at the door, and go in. The stratagem succeeded. His mother, supposing it one of her new neighbors' boys, come of an

errand, bid him be seated, and went bustling about her household affairs a few moments, and then came back into the room to see what the chubby little stranger wanted. She stared at him a moment, (sitting listless as his uncle had bid him to) and at length exclaimed—  
“*Can this be Jasper!*”—— \* \* \* And the young reader, if a Yankee, is left to *guess* what followed, on the happy recognition !

After talking awhile, and answering a great many questions, our seven-years-old stripling drew his hand from his pocket, and, placing the open palm to his mother's view, displayed some pieces of silver, saying, “There, marm, I have saved so much”—and the mother's fond, repeated embrace was the merited reward.

I mention this latter incident, my young friends, to show you how early in life habits of economy and self-denial may be formed.—I suppose little Jasper's uncles and aunts, and their friends, used to give him small pieces of money, once in a while, to encourage him to be a good boy. Now, as his food and clothing was provided for him, he did n't need to spend his money for them ; and as there were then no Sunday-schools,—nor “mite-boxes” to drop his money into, he “laid it by for a wet day,” as



“Poor Richard says,” instead of spending it for ginger-snaps and the like. Was not that the better way?

And here Grandfather wishes to say, that a leading object and aim in writing this story, while keeping an eye to truth in the main thread of the narrative, is to place in lively and attractive form, and to inculcate in every page, the moral virtue of industry, economy, honesty, temperance, and a wisely ordered benevolence and patriotism.

I said before that Jasper's parents were very poor, when he went to live with his grandfather—that his mother taught school, &c. and that his father went to sea in search of a fortune. So he did; but he came home before Jasper did, without finding it. And I believe he about came to the conclusion, that the most likely place to find the fortune was on the dryland, where he had lost it. So he hired a little tenement, and went to work at his trade, which was that of a carpenter and joiner. He was ever regarded as an honest man, —a good and faithful workman—always giving good satisfaction to his employers. But being fond of change, and not always judicious in his purchases and sales, he did not succeed in

making any thing beyond a comfortable support for his family, for a year or two before and after his return from his trip at sea. Yet he was a man of more than common intelligence for a day-laborer—was highly respected by his neighbors and townsmen, and once represented the latter in the General Assembly.

His mother was one of the best of women. She lived to the great age of ninety-one years. Jasper always speaks of her with the greatest respect and reverence, and says he is indebted to her counsel and example (under God's providence) for all that he is or hopes to be, in this or the world to come. She was the mother of eight children. She labored early and late for their welfare. She had a winning way of enforcing her precepts and encouraging her children in the practice of industry and economy.

I will now return to little Jasper—though I shall have more to say about his father and mother, by and by—who one day came pretty near losing his left leg. Now, if this was a "made-up" story, as most of the stories now-a-days are, Grandfather would n't put in so trifling an affair as he is going to tell you about. But you will see in the end, that it was not a trifling affair to Jasper or his father,

and I think you will sympathize with them in the mishap.

One cold day in the winter of 1801-2 Jasper went out into the door-yard to bring in an armfull of wood. It happened that his father was there, too, splitting wood. Just as he was turning to go back into the house with the wood, his father's axe slipped from his hands, and flew with the swiftness of a bullet right against Jasper's leg. If it had n't hit a side-wise blow, it is most likely it would have cut his leg quite in two. But as it was it made a deep gash right across the leg, about half way between the knee and the ancle. Our little readers may be sure this accident caused his father and mother great excitement and anxiety. There was no surgeon in those parts within call, to sew up the wound, and they did the best they could for the little sufferer ; but it took more than a month for the wound to heal ; and I am told Jasper wears a big scar there to this very day.

By this accident Jasper lost the most of that winter's schooling ; but I fancy some of my grand-children, of his age, would n't think it much of a loss, if they had to tramp it, in all weathers, as he did, two and a half miles, to

get from home to the school-house. But I tell you, my darlings, we old "silver-grays" of that generation did n't think so. The more such a boon as schooling cost us, the harder we worked to obtain it, and the more highly we prized it, when obtained.

Luckily for Jasper, his parents did not stay long in that district. A warm friend of his father became bondsman for him in the purchase of a small farm, containing about twenty acres of land, and a half-finished, one-story house, with a kitchen, a bed-room, a "buttery" and a fire-place, on the ground-floor, and one apartment over-head, called in those days the "chamber," but in this age of refinement, called the "attic." Jasper tells me they lived in this house about four years, and that during this time a brother and a sister were added to their household, so that his lot was to sleep in this attic, the last two years. And he adds : "Many a time, when I awoke in the morning, did I find my bed-quilt covered with the snow that drifted in through the crevices in the gable-end ; and the thought of any hardship or suffering, in consequence, never entered my mind."

Here in this hovel, as it were, not so com-

fortable as the common log-houses of those times, we find a family which had seen better days : and I will now, as I promised a little way back, tell you something more about the good mother of Jasper, and how she managed to make her little flock about as happy as though they lived in a palace.

As I said before, Jasper's father was a carpenter and joiner, and worked out, sometimes many miles away from home, so that his mother had the chief oversight and care of the children, as well as of the 20-acre farm they lived on. This farm was near the school-house ; and when there was a school kept in it, this mother's first care was, to see that all her children who were large enough were on their way to school in good season.

When Jasper had reached his tenth year, he began to be of considerable account in helping his mother, both in in and out-door matters. At this time her family consisted of three boys and three girls. She had not only to prepare the food and make up the clothes for these children, (for in those days there were no Bridgets nor seamstresses in the families of the common people) but to spin the flax, the wool and the cotton, which a greater part of their

clothes were made of. She always kept them as neat and tidy in appearance as the children of much more wealthy people. She early taught the older children to take care of the little ones. In fact they all had their several tasks allotted them, in in-door and out-door matters. I am credibly assured she was never known to resort to harsh punishment of any kind. Her manner was mild and persuasive, rather than dictatorial; and if these mild means, in any case, did n't secure obedience, she handed the delinquent over to "daddy" for the proper treatment. Jasper has told me of a case of this kind, which, although it happened some *sixty-six* years ago, he remembers it as well as if it had taken place "the night before" he told me of it; and it is the only instance he remembers, where punishment by his father's application of king Solomon's antidote for rebellious sons was visited upon him for not "minding" his mother. I will try to give the story, as near as I can, in his own words:

"When I was about ten years old," says he, "my mother told me, one Saturday afternoon, to do something—I do n't exactly remember what it was—but I *well remember* it was something I did n't want to do, and did n't do it. 'Well, Jasper,' said my mother, when she

was fully aware of my wilful disobedience, 'your father will come home to-night, and I will let him know what a naughty boy you have been.' So, after I had gone to my trundle-bed, in the kitchen, and was fast asleep, (this was before I slept in the "attic,")—the first thing I was conscious of was the tingling sensation upon my limbs and body, caused by the application thereto of the well-merited rod in my father's hand, which soon extorted from me, (at his inquiry,) the heart-felt confession of sorrow for the past, and a promise of future obedience to my mother's requirements."—"The principle of filial respect," he adds, "was by my parents inculcated in their children's minds at so early an age, that they were not sensible of any rightful volition of theirs in the case—implicit and prompt obedience was a matter-of-course. '*Children, obey your parents in the Lord,*' is a precept our mother taught us, as soon as we could understand its import."

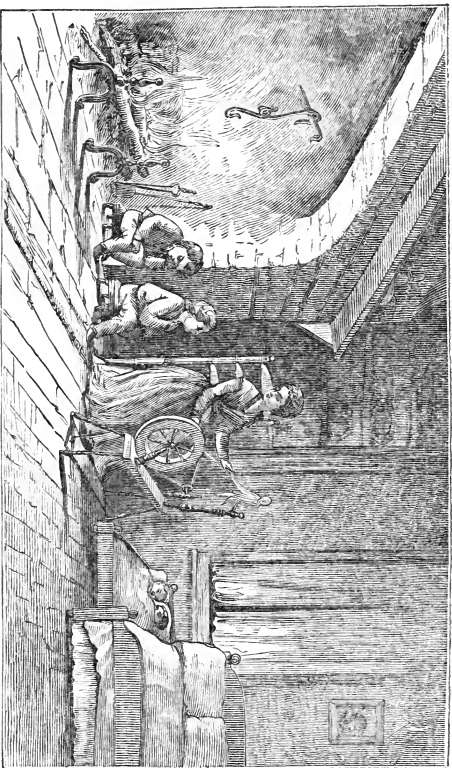
But, my dear grandchildren, I suppose you wish to read more about this good mother,—how she spent her time all alone with her children, while her husband was away at work at his trade. She could not do as perhaps the most of your kind mothers can: their lot and duties at this day, thanks for the wonderful improvements in machinery, are very unlike hers. They have only to oversee their servants in getting breakfast, and dinner, and supper, and "doing up the dishes," and other

household affairs,—or themselves doing these things with the help of their children—and then they have time to visit their friends and neighbors almost every afternoon or evening, or to busy themselves in fine needle-work, crimping and the like,—whereas, Jasper's mother, after doing all these things herself, and a good many other kinds of work not necessary to be done in this era of sewing and knitting-machines, spinning-jennies, wringing and washing-machines—while busily engaged with her flax-spinning-wheel, by the light of a bright kitchen fire, of a long winter evening, would amuse her son Jasper and his brother Ezra, (a year and a half younger—the smaller children having been put to bed) with stories about Franklin, Washington, LaFayette and other Revolutionary patriots—thus impressing on their tender minds the germ of patriotism, that expanded, in after life, as the sequel will show, into disinterested acts of devotion to the public welfare.

Between the ages of ten and fifteen, (Jasper assures me,) he was very fond of reading. But before I go on to tell you about the great care of his mother, that none but good books should be put into his hands, and what some of those



The diligent Mother amusing her little ones with stories about Franklin and Washington.





books were, I will show you, from his own account of the work he had to do, during this period of five years, about how much time he had to store his mind with useful knowledge.

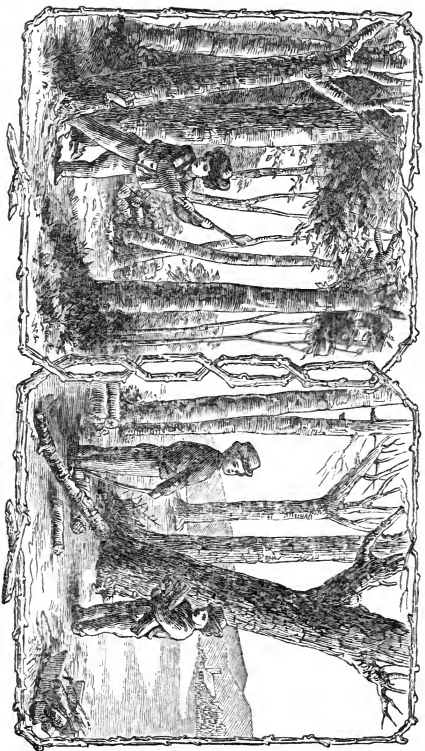
I have said before, that the children of those days, in the new settlements, generally, had but four months' schooling during the year: and while attending school, those of them who were large enough, had to do chores—cut and bring in wood—take care of and milk the cows—feed the pigs, &c., &c., before and after school. You'll see, therefore, that they had n't much time to study, except in school-hours.

During the rest of the year, while the school was not in session, Jasper tells me, his mother depended on him to do a great many things on and about their little 20-acre farm, in the years 1805, '06 and '07, which boys of his age, at this day, would consider impossible. For instance: in the Spring, Summer and Fall seasons—that part of those seasons when Spring, Summer and Fall work could be done on the farm, Jasper and his brother were taught to keep busy, doing such parts of the work as they were able to do—picking up stones, dropping and hoeing corn, spreading and raking hay, husking corn, digging potatoes, &c., &c.

It may surprise some of my young readers to be told, that Jasper, in his 12th year managed to get a part of the team-work done on the farm, by "changing works" with a neighbor—he giving three days' work for one day's work of a man and yoke of oxen. In this way he managed to get a portion of their winter's stock of wood.

Early in the fall of 1806, I think it was, he marched off to the wood-lot, with his axe on his shoulder, and dinner-pail in hand, and thus followed up the chopping process, till he had cut and piled two or three loads of "cord-wood." But, as a general thing, his father provided help for cutting and drawing the wood.

One Fall, (about the middle of October of this year, I think he said it was) there was a remarkable fall of snow—covering the ground a foot, or a foot and a half deep. It so happened, the season being late, that many fields of corn and potatoes had not been harvested. It so happened, also, that Jasper's cord-wood remained still just where he had piled it, two or three hundred rods from the house, and that his summer's stock of old stumps and other kinds of old dry wood, gleaned from the lots



Jasper, cutting cord-wood.

| The boys getting up wood with their hand-sled.



around, had given out : and his father being at work at his trade a long distance away from home, his mother, with a somewhat anxious look, asked him : " What shall we do for wood, my son ?" After a moment's reflection, he replied, " O, marm, I know,"—and, turning to his brother, he said, " Come, Ezra, let us see what we can do." So, off they started, one with an axe, and the other with the hand-sled.

There were a few scattering hard-wood trees standing in a lot of elevated ground, about 40 or 45 rods from the house. The snow was accompanied with a boisterous wind, and thus made so solid that it would bear up their sled-load of wood, except in the immediate vicinity of the trees ; so that, while Jasper was cutting the wood, his brother was treading down the snow, and making a " track" to where it was hard enough to bear up the load of wood.

In this way they managed to cut and draw down to their door-yard wood enough to last a good while : and Gran'pa will warrant his little twelve-y'r-old grandsons, that Jasper and Ezra enjoyed the sport fully as well as any of our young chaps of the present day do a-sliding down hill !

Now it must n't be supposed that this good

mother did n't allow her children *any* amusement, or relaxation from work. They had their afternoon junketings, occasionally, with the neighbors' children, or enjoyed an evening with them once in a while, very much as little boys and girls of the present day do—only not near so often. And I will now tell you of a pleasure-excursion, (which I came very near forgetting to mention at all) which Jasper assures me he enjoyed with as keen relish as any one he has ever taken in after life, though journeying in the best style of stage-coaches or railroad cars. He says he looks back upon the incidents attending it, after the lapse of nearly seventy years, with much pleasure.

In the first place you must know, my dears, that Jasper and Ezra had several cousins of about their own age, (some of them a little older, and some younger) who lived very nearly thirty miles off. The way to get to them was over high hills, and through low valleys—a great part of the distance was through unsettled forests, where, for many miles, not a single house was to be met with, and where, a part of the way, there was only what in those days the people called a “bridle path,” instead of what we now call a “high-way.” Still, as



I have just said, it was in some places a very *high*, as well as a *low-way*, to get from Jasper and Ezra's home to where their cousins lived.

Well, one summer, along in August, after the hurry of "haying" was over, the year that these lads were—the one eleven, and the other nine-and-a-half years old, their father being away at work at his trade, and their mother wishing to let them have a little recreation, she asked Jasper if he would n't like to go and see his cousins, over the mountain. "Yes, marm, I guess I should—first-rate!" "But *how* can you go? it's a great way off, and you cannot walk it in one day," said his mother. "Well, marm," replied Jasper, "'there's more ways *through* the wood than one.' I guess I can get Uncle John's old mare to go with—and I'll pay him in work, digging potatoes, this fall." "Very well," said his mother. "But cannot Ezra go, too?" inquired Jasper. "How can he go, my son?" "Why, he can ride on the saddle behind me," Jasper replied. Thus the matter was speedily settled.

(Now this "Uncle John" who Jasper spoke of, was his father's kind friend and near neighbor who helped him to buy their little 20-acre farm; and they always respected and loved

him as sincerely, and the families were as familiar with each other, as if the two fathers or heads thereof had been *real* brothers.)

This little dialogue between Jasper and his mother took place one Friday evening. As my young readers may well imagine, the two little brothers' dreams that night, whether they were sleeping or *awake*, were very pleasant: so, early the next morning Jasper applied for the horse, as he suggested to his mother, proposing to pay in his work for the use of it.—“Ay, yes,” said uncle John, “we’ll see about the *work* at another time. Take good care of old Bess—and *don’t let her run away with you!*” “I guess she won’t, Sir,” said Jasper—and, mounting the animal, he made out, by the free use of the bridle-end, to get her into a full trot before he got home.

It did n’t take long for the boys to get ready for a start. The old saddlebags was stored with a few articles of clothing, and their dough-nuts and bread-and-cheese for dinner. Jasper was told by uncle John how to find his way across “the mountain,” (as the route was called) to his Uncle’s---and especially cautioned to let old Bess get her dinner in the “Brake-pasture,” which was about mid-way of their jour-

ney. So, at about eight o'clock in the morning, they were on their "winding way," as happy, our little folks may believe, as any princes, in their "coach-and-six."

In the course of the twenty-five or thirty miles there was no tavern, and not more than six or eight houses, (some of them log-houses) for them to pass—and there was one strip of dense forest, of some ten miles or more, where they did n't see any signs of either kind of dwelling. But they ploded along, as cheerily as bees—stopping an hour or two at the brake-pasture for "rest and refreshment of *boys* and *beast*," and arrived safe at their Uncle's about sun-set. Here they were greeted most cordially by a bevy of some half a dozen young cousins, who were not a little amused as well as highly delighted with this novel adventure of our young horsemen. In the midst of the excitement and surprise, one of them asked Jasper, "What would you have done, if you had met a Bear on the road?" "Done? why, I should have done the best I could to keep out of his way—would n't you? But we did n't expect to see any—we were not *hunting* for bears."

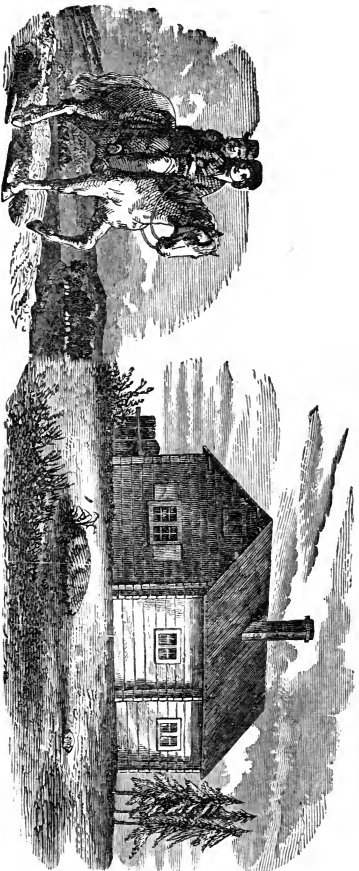
After a very pleasant visit of four or five

days, the lads returned home the same way they went ; and Jasper says "Uncle John" would n't hear a word from him about pay for the use of his horse.

It would make Grandfather Wishwell's story quite too long, were he to write out all the incidents of Jasper's boyhood like those he has already slightly sketched in the foregoing pages. But he cannot help thinking that (as he is not making up a story or novel, but telling, in substance, what actually took place,) his young readers will like to know more about this interesting family.

They had now lived on this 20-acre farm about four years. By the father's wages for work at his trade, and the mother's untiring industry, care and prudence in her household and out-door management—for she did a good deal, the latter part of the time, to help support the family, by making and selling butter from two or three cows—they were enabled, in 1807, to pay all the notes given for the farm, and had some money left towards paying for a much larger one in another part of the same town.

And we must n't forget to give little Jasper credit for his share of the commendation this family are entitled to, for this happy result.



The boys and their Nag return home, much refreshed by their excursion.



It is plain to be seen, that through the mild influence of a devoted mother, his little hands had something to do in bringing it about.

This new farm consisted of about forty or fifty acres. The location was not a very desirable one—being at the north-easterly corner of the town—from its peculiar situation, generally known as the “hill farm.” About one-third part of it was under cultivation. There were no neighbors less than half a mile away ; and the district school-house and grist and saw-mills were two and a half miles distant.

And methinks my young readers' sympathy for Jasper's condition, in this lonesome place, is excited to the highest pitch. Not so—not so, “by a long-shot !” He assures me he never was happier any two years of his minority, than while engaged at active work upon this farm. He and his brother did nearly all the work, except team-work, and a little help of their father's, in hay-time. They raised two or three acres of corn—half an acre of potatoes, and other like vegetables in proportion—kept three or four cows, and cut hay enough to winter them. They cut the wood, tended the cows, and went to school two months in the winter. In March and April of each year

they made over a hundred pounds of maple sugar.—By having some business enterprise, of one kind and another, always to engage their attention, they knew nothing of that listless ennui which those young lads experience who have “nothing to do.”

“And, Gran’pa, what about these young chaps’ time for play? ‘All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy,’” says one of my city darlings. Yes, indeed, that is true:—I could tell you a great deal about their rustic sports at “goold”—playing, wrestling, quoit-pitching, ball-playing, and other games of that day. I could tell you how Jasper, in his fourteenth year, attended a ball, got up by the lads of his age and older—how he carried his “gal” to and from the dancing-hall, (more than a mile) on horse-back, perched on a pillion behind him—for there were no “one-hoss shays,” or even buggy-wagons, in that new country, in those days—and many other feats of his prowess, in the way of “killing time.”

But it is n’t agreeable to the plan of Granpa’s story, to treat of such feats; and in further reply to his city chub, he would beg to ask him, what does *all play and no work* make of Jack? I have seen and heard of a great



many "Jacks," who, by this last process, were made drunkards, and gamblers, and thieves, and robbers, and murderers :—so, Jasper and Ezra, instead of making recreation a common or main pursuit, as I grieve to say is the case with too many youths of this generation, were taught by their mother to make it altogether a secondary concern.

THE BEST BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.

And now we have come to the place in our narrative where, as before suggested, we shall have something to say "about the great care of Jasper's mother, that none but good books should be put into his hands," etc. While considering this matter, however, it should be borne in mind, that children's books were scarce in those days, compared with the unlimited supply in the markets at the present time. There was, consequently, a much larger proportion of children's and young folks' books than now, which inculcated patriotic, moral and religious sentiments and principles.

Among the first books of Jasper's reading were a "History of the Bible," the "Life of Joseph," "The Way to Wealth," the "Life of Franklin, written by himself," "Memory of Washington"—besides a good many others

of a similar character, (titles not recollected,) then taken from the public library by his father—who, by the way, was very fond of reading.

[Let me now devote a few pages of this little biography to the parents and guardians of the rising generation. There is one among the above list of books, which I have reason to believe had a wider circulation at the commencement of the present century, than any other treatise of the kind ; and I may safely add, that it exerted a more marked and beneficial influence, in forming habits of industry, economy and integrity in the youth and manhood of that day, than any—and, indeed, all other tracts of the kind put together : this book is FRANKLIN'S WAY TO WEALTH.

As I am writing this book in the hope and strong desire that it may be read by many thousands of this and the coming generations, I do not think I can fill a few pages of it with any thing that will do them so much good to read, as this same Way to Wealth : and I shall add another little work, written about sixty years ago by a young disciple of Dr. Franklin, entitled, SKETCHES OF FRANKLIN'S LIFE AND CHARACTER, which is an abridgement of the "Life of Franklin, written by himself," refer-

red to above. It is inserted here as a fit accompaniment to the Way to Wealth, and for the purpose of introducing Franklin's Autobiography to the young reader's notice, in the hope that he will do himself the pleasure and profit of reading the larger work, as soon as he can obtain a copy of it.

I remember to have seen it stated, on the authority of one of our ablest civilians, (and in the opinion this writer fully coincides,) that this little manual, and the other writings of Dr. Franklin, enforced as they were by the whole tenor of a long and active life—published and re-published, read and re-read, as they universally were, by both parents and children in the middle and lower walks of life—had done more than any other human agency to inculcate and establish those habits of industry, economy and sobriety, and that unflinching patriotism and integrity, which have been the distinguishing traits of New England character.

If this be so, I beseech the friends of public good order, morality and virtue, to consider, whether the re-production, and the like universal dissemination of these writings among the youth and laboring people of the present

generation (not one in a hundred of whom, it is presumed, ever saw or read a page of them) will not have a like beneficial influence? The writer earnestly appeals to every patriot and philanthropist, to lend a helping hand in scattering this little tract broad-cast, through the length and breadth of this rapidly expanding Republic.

And here permit me to say a few words more in defence of the position above assumed, and in advocacy of what I consider the substratum, (so to speak) of our national independence and free republican institutions—the intelligence and virtue of our laboring masses. Let us consider some of the reasons why our children should have put into their hands this incomparable treatise of Franklin's on industry and economy, rather than the trashy, made-up novelettes of modern times.

In the first place, we all know that among the ills of life, there are none more to be dreaded than extreme ignorance, poverty and vice. The first of these evils is most often the parent of the other two. We would therefore urge upon parents the duty of encouraging their children to follow the example of the youthful Franklin—to improve their spare moments

in reading books of travels, of history, and on other branches of useful knowledge, rather than works of fiction—to treasure up the maxims and advice of “Poor Richard,” at the tender period of childhood, when they will be most likely to have an abiding influence on their destiny in after life.

Let it always be borne in mind, however, that poverty, alone, should be no disparagement to the parent who is blessed with children. The boys of poor parents, in this country, have a free and open road to the highest walks of wealth, or the most distinguished honors of public preferment. Inherited poverty should discourage no one from attempting the attainment of either. Perhaps a majority of our country's noblest benefactors—those who have served it best as military or naval commanders—as legislators, judges or presidents—as well as those who, with their honestly acquired wealth, have contributed most liberally to the support of government, to found hospitals and seminaries of learning, or to the erection of churches—I say, a large proportion of these were the sons of poor parents ; and I dare to assure any of my gandchildren who may have followed me in these discursive remarks, that

the most of them were indebted for the happiness they enjoyed in thus *doing good*, to the instruction and example of their mothers in early life—and, not least of all, to “heeding” the advice and maxims of “Poor Richard.”

In no other country under heaven are the privileges and immunities of the *poor man* to be compared with those of the *American Citizen*!

Our illustrious pattern, the immortal Franklin, was one of these. In the Sketches of his Life and Character, which will follow in these pages, it will be seen he was the son of a poor soap-boiler. “No man,” says another writer, “had a heart more disposed to pity, nor a head more able to counsel those unfortunates—I mean the thoughtless and negligent, who indulge in habits of pleasure, and misspend their time and money, than the sage Dr. Franklin. His little work, entitled the ‘Way to Wealth,’ is universally considered a masterpiece on the art of making and preserving a fortune.”

I have now said all I think best to say to parents and guardians, to induce them to give their children books that instruct and edify, as well as amuse them, and must proceed with my narrative—the “thread” of which I dropped at page 32.]

Jasper's father, anxious for the welfare of his children, had always intended that his sons should have some trade or handicraft, by which to earn an honest living. He had been applied to by the merchant of the place, who wanted him as clerk in his store—but for two reasons he declined the application: 1st, he was not well pleased with the habits of the merchant; and, 2dly, he ascertained that Jasper had a decided preference for the printer's trade. So his kind father indulged him in his choice, and at the precise age of fifteen he entered a newspaper-office in an adjoining town, as an apprentice, to serve till one-and-twenty. This was the universal custom in those days—and during this term of service the apprentice received his board and clothing, and a stipulated sum for spending-money; and, on becoming of age, "a good suit of clothing for every-day wear, and a holiday-suit." Those apprentices who served out their time faithfully, generally made first-rate workmen, good and useful citizens, and in many cases partners of their former masters, and ultimately became wealthy.

Printers in those days had to do all their work by hand, as there were no power-presses, to do the work of from twenty to forty or fifty

men each, as at present. Then twelve hours was the stated time for a journeyman's day's work ; and as for apprentices, their day's work was not measured by hours and minutes.

As soon as six o'clock, in the winter, and at an earlier hour of the morning in the summer, our young "devil\*" must be out of bed, make the fire, sweep the office, bring the water (and wood, too, in the winter) up three flights of stairs, and have all his chores done before breakfast. Then he must commence work with the journeymen, and leave off with them.— Then, if not called on to go for and milk the cow, or to do other little jobs at his master's house, where he boarded, which was not seldom the case, Jasper says he had two or three hours time before going to bed, to call his own.

#### IMPROVE THE PRECIOUS TIME OF YOUTH.

And now, my dear young sons and daughters "of the third and" — (not quite) "fourth generation," I want you to read every word in this book, and especially what follows ; for I think you can't help agreeing with Grandf'r, it will do you twice as much good to learn how

\* The youngest apprentice was known by this ugly cognomen, almost as far back as the days of Schoffer & Fust, who first used cast metal types, invented by Schoeffer, in 1456.



best to spend your evenings and other leisure moments, as it will to read the fictitious and inflated stories about Baron Munchausen, Tom, Dick and Harry, who never lived, except in the imagination of some hair-brained novel-writer.

I have before told you something about the little incidents of Jasper's childhood, which he had communicated to me verbally; and I will now add something more, in his own words, which he has, at my request, obligingly furnished me, about his manner of spending nearly *all* that portion of the time he could honestly call his own, during his apprenticeship; and I may possibly, if it will not exceed my limits, make some extracts from the interesting diary he has loaned me, which he kept during that time.

"I boarded," says he, "or rather took my meals at my master's second table—never with the family;—and I thought it no indignity, for I considered myself a *boy*, and hoped some day to be a *man*, and then to be treated as such, if I behaved myself—and I slept in a room adjoining the printing-office where we worked. I sometimes had a young nephew of my master, a clerk in the bookstore, as a fellow-lodger, and sometimes one of the journeymen slept with me. I seldom spent an evening away from my room; and never allowed myself to loiter in other workshops, stores or groceries—

and if there were then in that village such places as the "drinking saloons" common at the present day, I did not know where they were located.

"I was allowed the use of a light-stand and a tallow-candle to read or write by in the bed-room, during the summer evenings: but as there could be no fire in my room, in the winter I usually occupied a seat at the table, near the stove in the office, when it was too cold to sit in my bed-room. I was thus favored by my kind master with the privilege of amusing myself with reading various standard works on history, travels, biography, geography, poetry and the like, which he allowed me to select from the book-store, which was kept on the ground-floor of the same building.

"I do not remember that I read, at this period, many works of fiction except Don Quixote and the Vicar of Wakefield. As, at that day, there were no books on History, and on Geography, except a small treatise by one Mr. Hubbard, which was used as a reading-book, in the schools I attended, the little knowledge I got on these two essential branches of common school instruction at the present day, was chiefly obtained during these evening studies, between the hours of eight and eleven, and between the ages of fifteen and eighteen years. I do not remember the titles of all these books; but among them were Guthrie's Geography, History of England, by Goldsmith, History of Greece and Rome, Voltaire's Charles the 12th, Milton's, Young's, Pope's and Cowper's works, beside others.

"Through my master's indulgence I was also allowed to work extra hours—sometimes in the office setting

type, and in the bindery folding and stitching almanacs, &c., by which means, in the course of my first year's apprenticeship, I earned money enough to buy several books, and among them Young's works in three 12mo. vols., and a quarto Bible, then just from the press of Matthew Carey, of Philadelphia—which last I made a "New Year's present" of to my mother, who read it through several times—the last time without the use of glasses, *after she had entered upon her ninetieth year!*

"But I devoted these leisure hours principally to reading and writing—and I had the satisfaction of setting the type for some of my articles on political topics, in the paper published by my master."

THE SHAM GHOST.

To show my young readers that there were roguish boys, in those "days of primitive simplicity," as well as in this "enlightened age," I will here relate an experiment at frightening which Jasper has told me of, which might have resulted more successfully, had it been tried on a sixteen-year-old lad of less intelligence and nerve.

It seems our hero undertook a job of type-setting, to be done in the printing-office of a neighboring publisher situated some distance from his lodgings. He usually commenced work on this job about half after seven o'clock, and left off between ten and eleven at night.

Late one moon-light night, when he was

about to quit work and retire to rest, his attention was suddenly arrested by an apparition shrouded in white from top to toe, slowly, majestically and stealthily striding toward him. Instantly seizing his composing-stick, which he had just emptied, Jasper sprang at his *ghostship*, brandishing his weapon, as if with intent to "let it drive"—at the same time vociferating "Who are you!"—and, following his nocturnal visitor in his precipitate retreat down a flight of stairs, and into the street, continued the chase some twenty or thirty rods, running and throwing stones at him till out of breath.—He afterwards learned that this was the would-be apparition's second exploit of the kind that evening—in the first attempt he was more successful ; though no fatal consequences resulted.

During the year 1812, before and soon after the declaration of war, our young friend was in the habit of writing articles on the then "situation" of public affairs, mainly for the purpose of acquiring the faculty of a skillful use of the pen—not a few of his papers finding their way into the weekly journals of the day.

For the double purpose of showing a speci-

men of these productions, and to exhibit, in a few words, to the youth of the present day, the grounds of complaint against the British Government which caused that war, we will give a few extracts from one of those juvenile articles :

*From an Electioneering Appeal.*

—“The strength and energy of a popular government is concentrated in the virtue, intelligence and integrity of the community at large. The ruling party may be ever so firmly attached to their country's welfare ; if they are not supported by the yeomanry at large, it will avail but little. \* \* \* And shall it be said, that when the constitutional voice of the nation calls for privation and sacrifices, the people will not second their great undertaking—the establishment of their honor and Independence ? I trust in God the freemen of America still entertain a too deeply seated detestation of monarchical tyranny to tamely submit their necks to the yoke which their fathers threw off. \* \*

“Look at it, Americans ! Shall five millions of freemen shrink from a task less arduous—less hazardous, and not less important, than the one accomplished by one million, with far greater discouragements to encounter, and less inducements to impel to the contest ? Yes, I will maintain, that the cause in which we are engaged is as glorious as was that of the Revolution. If the right which Great Britain claimed, of taxing her colonies without their consent was degrading to them as colonies, how much more so to us is the pretended

right to seize our property on the high seas, [meaning our ships and their cargoes, having British subjects aboard] while prosecuting a lawful commerce, and to drag from under our national Flag the persons of those citizens whom we are bound by every moral and religious obligation to protect and defend!

“Some poor deluded British apologists palliate this “crying enormity,” by contending that Great Britain does not authorize it. I will prove, in a few words, that she does authorize it, in the most explicit terms.—Her firmest minions will not deny that she authorizes, indiscriminately, every officer on board her navy, to enter our vessels, and take from them whomsoever they may suspect are British subjects, and compel them to serve in that capacity; and, by thus constituting their officers judges, jurors and executioners, not even the “Protection,”\* which her usurpation has substituted for our national flag, will shield the unfortunate victims from the most barbarous servitude!

“But suppose the more equitable manner of deciding the citizenship of persons found in our service, of arraigning them before a British tribunal, duly constituted for that purpose, were adopted—such are the wily machinations which Great Britain practices, to maintain her ascendancy on the ocean, that five-eighths thus seized would never come before such tribunal—or if they did, they might be doomed to servitude from want of the necessary evidence in their favor.

\* The writer, by this word *Protection*, alludes to a kind of *certificate of citizenship* which the British Admiralty required our sailors to carry, to protect them from impressment by her naval officers.

"It is, therefore, entirely compatible with the immutable principles of justice and national law, to exclude from our vessels all such characters, and to suffer nothing which is not recognized by the law of nations as contraband of war, to be taken from the sanctuary of our watery habitations. \* \* \*

"Believe me, fellow-citizens, nothing is wanting to the success and final triumph of our arms, but a firm reliance on the justice of our cause and the resources with which we are by nature endowed. Let every individual take that interest in his country's welfare which his duty as a good citizen imposes on him, and, aided by the smiles of heaven, we shall effectually resist the encroachments of our country's foe."

Grandfather Wishwell has been favored with reading a great many newspaper articles written by Jasper during his apprenticeship. All-together they would fill a larger book than this that he is now writing: but he knows very well that it would n't do to put any more of them in here, because they are not interesting to young readers. What he wants most you should bear in mind about them is, that they were written in what is generally called *leisure time*; that is, during those hours of the day and night, after the day's *work* was done, which most such lads of this fast age devote to frivolous amusements, and—some of them,

I am afraid, to smoking, gambling and dram-drinking—(or lounging about shops, stores and groceries, a very nonsensical and bad employment, to say the least, which Grandfather hopes none of his descendants will ever be guilty of.)

I said something about Jasper's diary, a few pages back. On looking it over again, I can't help thinking that some of my "children of a larger growth" will be a good deal interested in reading pretty liberal extracts from it. And here let me say, that this book is n't intended solely for the little ones. A part of it is best adapted for those in their *teens*, and upwards—and I should n't be surpris'd if some folks, almost as old as Grandfather, should be fond of reading it, if they could only know where they could buy a copy of it. So now we will bid these *little ones* good-bye, for the present.

JASPER'S DIARY.\*

During a greater part of his time from the age of fifteen to twenty-three, Jasper kept a

\* On commencing this diary he says: "It will not embrace the ordinary occurrences in the daily employment of the *body*, but be principally confined to that of the *mind*.—My body is doomed to get its subsistence by the "sweat of the brow;" but my mind, I trust, will receive its nutriment from higher sources."



diary of passing events—how his time was spent—embracing an account of his earnings and expenses, &c. : and, during the war of 1812 I find in this diary, at the end of each day, in some cases, but generally at the end of each week, a sort of synopsis of the “current news of the day ;” and I copy a few of these entries from his journal to show the reader, that among the other duties to himself as a learner preparing for the more active and responsible stations of after life, he took care to keep “well posted” in passing events.

“W—, Aug. 9, 1812.—This day received information, that Gen. Hull had invaded Upper Canada with 2500 troops, collected from the Southward. 'Tis said he received but little opposition. He issued a proclamation bearing date 28th ult., guaranteeing protection to the liberty and property of all Canadians who remain quiet and inoffensive.

“Aug. 10.—It is stated that the British Orders in Council were conditionally repealed on the 18th of June, the same day on which war was declared by the United States. If so, it goes no farther in point of conciliation between the two governments, than did Mr. Foster's overtures to our Secretary of State, viz. : that America should cause Napoleon to relinquish the Continental System, and to respect our neutral rights.

“Aug. 15.—In consequence of the repeal of the Or-

ders in Council, Gen. Dearborn has complied with the request of the Governor of Canada, to have an indefinite cessation of arms.

"Sept. 2.—Saw an account stating that Capt. Hull, commander of the U. S. frigate *Constitution*, on the 19th ult. fell in with and *sunk* the British ship of war *Guerriere*—killed 15, wounded 60, and taking upwards of 300 prisoners—with the loss of 7 killed, and as many wounded. This is the greatest naval victory yet obtained.

"Sept. 3.—Commodore RODGERS arrived safe in Boston, on the 30th ult., after a cruise of seventy days, during which his squadron have taken 7 English merchantmen, 2 of which they burnt.

"Sept. 12.—A soldier who escaped from the British, after Hull's surrender, who came passenger in this day's Boston stage, informs that the report in circulation, that Gen. Hull was short of provisions, ammunition, &c. is totally false. He attributes the fall of Detroit to a concerted plan between the American commander and the British general (Brock.) He also states, that the Ohio detachment, included in the capitulation, refused to comply, and drove the party which Brock had sent to apprize them of their condition, into Detroit.—It is rumored that Detroit is re-taken.

"Sept. 14.—Some other soldiers have arrived from Detroit, who confirm the opinion that Hull is a traitor, by the relation of another circumstance, viz: that, on going within a short distance of Fort Malden, many joined him from the enemy; which, considering the weak state of that fort, made it the easiest thing imag-

inable for him to have reduced it without loss.—It is said that Capt. B — B, formerly of this town, was inflamed to such a degree, on receiving the order to surrender, that, instead of delivering up his sword in the ordinary manner, he broke it in pieces, and threw it into the river—and, from all accounts, it seems a general murmur of dissatisfaction pervaded the whole army.

“Sept. 21.—Having gained half a day by working Saturday night, I got permission to read a book entitled “The Court of St. Cloud,” which gives some idea of the character and morals of Napoleon Bonaparte—(whether correct or not, I shall not presume to determine)—but it makes him one of the greatest tyrants the world affords. One thing, however, is stated in this book which is quite new to me, viz. : that this tyrant is under the control of two favorite ministers, TALLEYRAND and DUROC.”

Our hero's main object in keeping his diary appears—from the tenor of it—to have been to assist his memory ; for a great part of it is made up of short extracts from, or remarks upon, the books he read. This practice of keeping a diary is an excellent one. I hope every young reader of mine will adopt it forthwith—that is, just as soon as they quit reading trashy works of fiction, (if, unluckily, they have heretofore indulged in that habit,) and can write a good readable hand. They will find it a great help to their memory, which

they will prize very highly, when they come to be as old as Grandfather is. Many things take place in the happy days of buoyant youth, which it gives us pleasure to look back upon in old age, if we have lived such a life as we ought to live.

#### JASPER'S PATRIOTISM.

As Grandfather Wishwell's object in writing this little book is to imbue the minds of his young readers with principles of sound morality, and to inculcate the sterling virtue of industry, economy and love of country—and, as he has before stated, he is not "making up" a story, but giving a few incidents of the youthful days of an old friend still living in the enjoyment of good health, and with whom he maintained a familiar acquaintance for many years—he will now go back a few months in the order of time, and see what evidence can be adduced from his diary and other memoranda he has placed in his hands, to show, beyond a doubt, that Jasper did not wish to remain an idle spectator of his country's conflict with an imperious foreign power, in which, it would seem from the preceding extracts from his diary, he took a lively interest.

Early in 1812, in anticipation of the declaration of war against Great Britain, (in June, of that year,) Jasper's master obtained a lieutenant's commission in an artillery company about being raised in the easterly part of Vermont. He of course discontinued his connection with the newspaper business he had been engaged in—and consequently his apprentice was disengaged from his further service in the printing-office. He had, however, formed so favorable an opinion of his said apprentice, that he offered him the post of orderly serjeant in his company, if he would enlist. Jasper applied to his father for permission ; but was told, in reply, that he was too young—(being 17)—that if it became necessary for either to turn out in defence of our country, he would go first.

Thus disappointed in his aspirations for his country's service, Jasper, in April, 1812, obtained employment in the office of a high-toned *federal* newspaper, then but recently established in the same village. This paper opposed the then Republican national administration with great vehemence—it denounced the embargo and war-measures of the government as unjust and ruinous to the country.

I will now relate an item of Jasper's experience to illustrate the virulence of party-spirit that characterized those times—and it is referred to here, more especially, to show the filial obedience of the son, and the maternal solicitude of the mother.

Jasper's father was a Republican of the old Jefferson school. He was warmly enlisted in the support and defence of the embargo and war-measures of Madison's administration, as will be readily inferred from the following letter to his son, dated

“R——, May 11, 1812.

“I received your's of to-day, am sorry to learn you are in that dirty business and place; and that you should admit of a federal injunction is more to be lamented than any act of your life. I had not supposed I had a child that would for the sake of gold, give place to a suspicion, by consenting to the rules of any office under heaven, that is established to be the focus of slander and falsehood. I had rather die in prison, than submit to such meanness, or in the least tarnish true Republicanism, by touching that unclean thing.

“The Mosaic rules, I fear, will not cleanse the man that touches that loathsome Press, the W — n. I want much to see you. I am loath to bury you forever—or what is worse—to see you in the ranks of the eternal enemy to Equal Rights. — —

“N. B.—I must insist on your coming home imme-

diately. Your marm wants likewise to have you come home, on account of clothes.—The above is harsh—but my sentiments I will not give up for mortal man.”

At the date of the above there was no regular mail or “post”-conveyance for letters, between the two towns, only ten or twelve miles apart. They depended on private opportunities, which it seems is the reason why Jasper received the following from his mother by the same hand that delivered the above, though written three days afterwards :

“ R——, May 15, 1812.

“ Dear Son :—Having an opportunity,\* I will write a few lines, thinking and hoping you did not receive the letter your father wrote, on receiving yours of the 10th inst.—which were his first thoughts.

“ I have scarcely enjoyed a moment’s ease for the three days past. I can’t endure the thought of your leaving W——, at this time, and going a distance. It is true, it would be more agreeable to have you live in a place where their political sentiments are more agreeable to truth. I think if you attend to your own employment, (of which I have no doubt) there can be no harm to you. Knowing what your main pursuit is, I

\* In most towns near to and adjoining the town where the newspapers were printed, in those days, companies were formed, and each member took his “turn” to go after and bring the paper to some central place, most convenient for the subscribers to get them.

put confidence in you. However, I would not encourage any thing contrary to your father's mind, and shall show this to him.\*

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"If your clothes are in bad condition, I hope you will come home as soon as you can make it convenient. Send those 4 ounces of onion seeds, if you can."

We will now see what Jasper says for himself, on receipt of these two letters :

"W——, May 19, 1812.

"Dear Parents:—I am sorry I did not receive your respective letters until it was too late to send the onion seed with the papers, and am apprehensive it will come too late for this season, before you get it, for they sold the last they had yesterday.

"I regret extremely that I have thus unintentionally alarmed my father, by merely *working* in the Tory office—and should have consulted him on the subject, could I have conceived the least degree of criminality in doing it—or, in fact, any tendency to alienate my affections from the strictest sense of duty to my country,—which, in my opinion, consists in firmly adhering to its Republican institutions, and in opposing, by every practicable means, the nefarious designs of its secret enemies, let them assume whatever specious name they will.

"Sir—you yourself cannot have a greater antipathy for the W——n, and the cause its editor is engaged in,

\* It is no doubt true that she did so, for the following was added as a postscript, in his hand-writing: "The family are all well—send love to you."



than I have : at the same time I cannot see any harm in being employed in the office where it is printed, provided I am wholly detached from doing any part towards printing it—which has been the case since I have been in that office, except the setting of one piece from the *National Intelligencer*, which I am sure cannot be productive of injury. I told Mr. T. M., when I first entered his office, that he must let me work wholly on the book\* which I mentioned in my last : and nothing is better calculated to form correct principles, than a thorough knowledge of our Constitution—next to it, Washington's Farewell Address.

“ As to ‘injunctions of secrecy,’ I never have entered into any with a federalist living—nor have I the most distant idea of doing it. I have only complied with the regulations of every office, whether *Republican* or federal—which are, not to divulge the names of authors of anonymous communications, nor to secrete from the office any handbill or other publication, contrary to the wish of the master. A breach of these office regulations would justly subject the offender to the censure of every honest man, whether *Republican* or federalist.  
\* \* \* I think I may say with sincerity, that I have seen nothing in the W——n but what confirms me in the sentiments you have ever endeavored to impress on my mind. There are two other workmen in that office who are staunch *Republicans*, and have been there some months—yet their political principles are unshaken.

\* The U. S. Constitution and Washington's Farewell Address, printed for the “ Washington Benevolent Society.”

"It gives me pain to think that Marm\* should make herself uneasy on my account—or that I should be the cause of any uneasiness to her, by the expression of father's sentiments on this subject, as you mentioned in your kind letter which came with his. I regret leaving W—— as much, no doubt, as you do to have me—but think, while this opportunity to get employment is good, it is folly to neglect it. Should I go to any other place, it would rest altogether with chance whether I could get work or not.

"However, I shall ever esteem it my duty to conform to the will of my parents; and as father conceded to what was contained in your letter, I presume I shall not act against it, by remaining here this week.

"With sentiments of respect,

"Your obed't humble son, ———

"P. S.—I would just add, that one weighty reason

\* As I copy from the originals, in Jasper's hand-writing, I don't feel at liberty to alter from the copy. It may seem vulgar to my young friend, to call his mother "*Marm*;" but in 1812 it was thought disrespectful, as well as clownish, to address her as "*Mama*."—as some of you do now-a-days.—And this reminds me of another change in the *manners* of the young folks of the present day, which I don't think is any improvement on those of the children of Jasper's times. There seems to me to be a growing want of deference and respect, on the part of children, towards their parents and the aged, in their *manner* of addressing and answering them. The monosyllables *yes* and *no* we seldom hear followed by the modest adjunct—*sir*, or *mam*, as in olden time. Parents are to blame for this—(as *Granf'r* thinks.)

for not going home this week is, that I expect Lieut. S. home from the Northward in that time, who says he has thought of a plan that may prove advantageous to me in future, and wishes me not to engage for any considerable time, until he has an opportunity of letting me know the substance of it. His mentioning it to me the morning previous to his departure, (which was sudden and unexpected,) and that he would tell me the whole of it after breakfast, leaves me in some suspense."

The above letter, it seems, so assured his father of his son's fidelity to the "Stars and Stripes," that he allowed him to remain in the "Tory office," (as he assures me,) till the winter following, when he went home to R——, and taught a two-months' winter-school in that town. By reference to our young pedagogue's diary, we find he philosophizes at considerable length on the importance of proper order and discipline in schools—and especially of securing the good-will and affection of the scholars. To sum up, he says :

"Notwithstanding the satisfaction I derive from instructing the young mind in the rudiments of our language, and other branches taught in our common schools is great, it would not compensate me for the time taken to gain a small stipend,\* were it not that I

\* Eight dollars per month.

have an opportunity of reading the books contained in our town library. During the last month I have entertained myself with reading three volumes of Robinson's America and Goldsmith's History of Greece.

"Such is the force of habit, that in my present mind, I think I could dispense with any other enjoyment with less reluctance, than the privilege of reading, writing and conversing on subjects of a historical, philosophical or moral nature."

We see, also by his diary, that on returning home from work in that federal printing-office, he handed over to his father his employer's note for his wages, amounting to \$57.48, besides a note he had taken up, given by his father towards payment for the "Hill Farm," amounting to some \$20.00 more.

It seems from his diary, also, that he had not entirely forgotten, in his 17th year, how to manufacture "cord-wood"—for, under date of Dec. 15 to 20, both inclusive, i. e. in six consecutive days, he says: "Cut wood for Ezra, at the rate of one and a half cords a day."

It would appear from the documents submitted to our inspection, that our young politician gave some further proof of his ability to withstand the allurements of *federalism*; for about one month after the receipt of his fath-

er's over-cautious admonition, he earnestly besought him to let him [Jasper] "show his faith by his works," as will appear by the following letter, dated

W——, June 14, 1812.

"Dear Father :—As they are about raising their quota of the 100,000 militia in this town, and have already warned our company to appear properly armed and equipped with all military accoutrements, (including knapsacks and blankets) next Friday, I begin to feel anxious to take a small portion of the public burden.—I have given over all idea of enlisting, as was talked of when I was at home. But I cannot reconcile it with my duty and conscience, to withhold from our country, at this momentuous period, a tender of my services, in case the exigencies of the times should demand them.

"There are few whose bodily strength and health will better enable them to perform the laborious task of a soldier than mine: and I am confident, none who would more willingly undertake to perform that task, could I obtain your entire approbation and consent, without too greatly deranging your domestic affairs. I should, however, be able to discharge the Arms debt with the allowance to volunteers, (and probably have some surplus money) in case they should be called out. If they are not, I can continue to earn (clear of board,) four dollars a week, which, by the time the next payment becomes due, will discharge the two first notes.\*

[\*By way of explanation, and in justice to this would-be-soldier, it should be here noted, as minuted in his diary, that

"In times like these, each one ought to contribute his mite to support the honor and Independence of his country : and it is almost reduced to a certainty, that its honor will be irretrievably lost, unless war is declared and carried into vigorous operation, before the rising of Congress. \* \* \*

"That you may not be mistaken, dear Father, with regard to my motive in volunteering, I will assure you it is not on account of the novelty of the thing, nor an enthusiastic desire to do some great exploit—but a sincere wish to be of some service to my country, in case of emergency.

"The causes for a war against Great Britain are weighty enough to warrant success to the American arms, if a good cause will do it. There is nothing wanting but unanimity in the government and people to secure the great object we are to contend for.

"Would it not be the more politic way, in order to prevent the federalists gaining the ascendancy, for the Republicans to turn out pretty generally—and, in so doing, evince to the world the sincerity of their "patriotic resolutions," as the W——n is pleased sneeringly to call them? If we refuse to act up to the spirit of those resolutions, will not the federalists have good reason to say they were only meant to answer some unworthy party purpose, and thereby create a disgust in the people for the present administration? Whereas, if the Re-

on leaving the office where he was apprenticed, he engaged to pay his father two hundred and fifty dollars for about three and a half years' time. These "two first notes" were his first payment, under this contract.—*G'r.*]

publicans step manfully forward, so as to render the war productive of its object, the people will be satisfied with their integrity, and continue to support them.

"I offer these reasons, dear Father, for volunteering, which you will please duly consider, and answer, if possible, before next Friday, that in case you can freely consent to it, I may not lose the opportunity."

It will be borne in mind, that at the date of this letter war had not been actually declared—that the writer of it was not liable to do military duty, (being under eighteen years old) and that his father was liable, (being under forty-five). For these several reasons his son's arguments and entreaties proved unavailing—the father, as in case of the previous application of Jasper for permission to enlist, replying : "If necessary, I will go first ; and then, if necessary, *you may come after !*"

Having thus exhausted the limited arguments at his command, he thenceforth relinquished the idea of serving his country in the capacity of a soldier, and turned his thoughts and aspirations to such service, in a no less essential, but far less perilous field of operation in time of war—viz : the field of the daily manual laborer, wherein the "sinews of war," in one form or another, are manipulat-

ed, and in due time brought forth and laid at the commissary's feet.

A PARTNERSHIP WITH HIS LATE MASTER CONTEMPLATED.

I will now give my young readers one more incident in the early history of my friend Jasper, which shows the good effects of improving one's "leisure moments," as they are called, in reading, writing, and self-instruction, instead of squandering these precious moments, as a great many do, in frivolous, if not demoralizing amusements.

Jasper continued working, as I have before said, in the "Tory office," for several months after Lieut. S. (as I will call his late master,) had been called into active service, on our northern frontier. He had not been thus engaged, however, but a few weeks, before he conceived the idea of establishing in Canada—which province it was then generally expected would ere long become a part of the United States, by conquest—an institution, in that contingency, which he deemed of vast importance to our government. As the project in question required for its development the exercise of secrecy, prudence, energy and mechanical skill, Lieut. S. communicated, in strict confidence, to his young protégé, the fact that



he had conceived the project, and would, at a future opportunity, as stated by Jasper in the postscript to his letter on our 57th page, make known to him the particular features of it.—After waiting some weeks in anxious expectation of again seeing or hearing from Lieut. S., he addressed to him a note on the subject, and received the following answer :

“ Burlington, July 24, 1812.

“ My respected young Friend :

“ It is not the least part of my happiness to receive a letter from one of your age so richly fraught with correctness of composition and spirit of patriotism. But it is unnecessary to occupy time in encomiums—and being, from my particular situation, very busily employed in taking charge of my men, (no other officer of the company [being] present), I must shorten my answer to yours of the 18th with the assurance, that had I not well known and weighed your abilities and integrity, I had never mentioned the undertaking in which I was willing to have you concerned—an undertaking, the desired end of which it may be as difficult to grasp as the fanciful base of a beautiful rainbow.

“ On my [late] visit in Boston, business very happily afforded me an interview with Gen. Dearborn, on whom I imposed a disclosure of my desired object. He said he approved of it, and would do all [in aid of it] at a proper season, in his power—that it ought to be a public concern as to the expense—i. e., the moveable appa-

ratus—and wished me to design some way for a movable establishment, which would, if effected, assist me in the attainment of the object. I have as yet had no time to make a scheme of what he required; but expecting relief from duty soon, I shall set myself on the study of something, and will converse with you on my visit at W—— soon, I hope.

“I can give you no advice as to your line of business at present—only that you will do well to keep clear from any permanent and binding contract. In the mean time let not a lisp of our object escape your lips or pen.

“Respectfully yours, &c.                   — —”

As the accomplishment of this “object” or enterprise of the Lieutenant’s depended on the conquest of Canada by the United States, and as the subsequent cowardice, or treachery, (or both) of Gen. Hull put that contingency, to all appearance, some distance a-head, if not out of the question, it may be unnecessary to state the result of his interview with our young friend at W——, or of any further planning on his part: but lest some of my *elderly* readers should put this Lieutenant down among a class of such mercenary official schemers as we read of at the present day, I will here add, that he spent a long life in the service of his country. Without the advantage of a West Point





Jasper, on his way to the work-shop.

or collegiate education, he rose from the humble post of a lieutenant, to the position in the U. S. Army *next in rank* to that of Maj. Gen. Wool, from which he was relieved by the law of retiracy, only a year or two before his decease, at the advanced age of over eighty.

#### A FEAT AT WALKING.

It appears from his diary, that on the first day of May, 1813, our hero left home on foot, for a village about 60 miles off, where he had learned by a letter from an old shop-mate that he could have employment at a low rate of wages. He had paid over to his father all the money he had earned and saved, up to this time—and, with less than a dollar in his pocket, a walking-stick and a small bundle of clothing swung over his back, he performed a feat of locomotion, as *deserving* of newspaper heraldry and applause, perhaps, as any of the walking-exploits of the celebrated WESTON—for he accomplished the distance in less than eighteen hours' actual walking, and did a full journeyman's day's work the day following. Conveyance by stages, in those days, was very expensive, and very tardy at that. He lost but six or seven hours' time by walking instead of riding, and saved as much as he could have earned

by three days' hard labor. And, note here—he did n't have, (as Weston does,) a covey of horsemen at his heels, to make sure that it was *honest* walking.

I do not know but I have brought down this history of a dear companion of my early days as far as it can be made interesting and profitable to my young readers. Indeed I do not feel at liberty to go any farther, at this time, than to state, that the young man, whom I have named JASPER, continued the habit of devoting a few hours, almost every day, to reading and writing, and persevered in his habits of industry and economy, until early in the year 1815. By this course he had earned and saved money enough to pay his father for his time, and to buy press and type to commence business with.


“But stop, Granp'r,” says a little flax-haired urchin—one of his *own* 11-y'r-old grandsons—“you have told us of a great many *good* things that Jasper did; did n't he never do any *bad* ones?” Ay, yes, my child, I have no manner of doubt he has been guilty of many sinful thoughts, words and actions, in his youth and maturer years, for which he has been truly sorry and repentant. He tells me he has

mourned not a little in view of his youthful indiscretions and follies, and the mistakes of maturer years, the most of which he might have avoided, if he had had the experience which old age brings with it. But I do not think it best to put them into my book. Yet he wishes me to say on this head, that if he were permitted to live his life over again, he thinks he should avoid many of those mistakes ; but he is not quite sure that he would not fall into others almost as grievous. At any rate, he advises all young people to seek the counsel, and respect the admonition of their aged friends, on all important questions of doubt as to their future line of conduct.

#### THE DEDICATION.

Now Grandfather Wishwell has told this True Story for the entertainment and benefit not only, as he trusts, of the millions of born and unborn grandchildren *of others*, who he hopes may have a chance to read it before they are twelve years old, but also to evince his sincere desire, that his own *real* grandchildren, may live virtuous and godly lives.—To them he now dedicates the foregoing and subsequent pages, as the best, if not the only patrimony it may be in his power to bequeath them.

## GRANDFATHER'S PARTING ADVICE TO THE MOTHERS.

 GRANDFATHER has a few words to put in this page, by way of advice to the MOTHERS of his own, and of other people's Grandchildren—all mothers who want to "bring up" good and great men for their country. He thinks there is no employment more honorable or useful than that of the DAY-LABORER—the honest, intelligent, industrious and frugal FARMER and MECHANIC: for, what would become of the rest of mankind, if (through God's Providence,) this class did not make for them their "daily bread," and the innumerable variety of tools and machinery, by the assistance of which their dwelling-houses, work-shops, stores, school-houses, churches and other public buildings, are erected? And these MOTHERS have a great deal more influence—a great deal more to do than every body besides, in raising up and qualifying good and able-bodied men and women for this indispensable service.

Now, my dear MOTHERS, I need not tell you that EARLY CHILDHOOD is the precious—the "golden moment"—for your children to acquire habits of industry, frugality and sobriety—without which all other acquirements are of comparatively little value. Grandfather begs you, therefore, while you allow your LITTLE ONES all needed hours of recreation—always out-doors, when the weather will permit—to let them have, *every day*, SOMETHING TO DO—some stated, appropriate, and useful employment, suited to their age and capacity. By beginning to be useful, even as early in life as did the hero of this story, they can do a great many things which will save you a thousand steps; and they will thereby acquire habits that will be of infinite value to them in after life. By being thus early taught, they will hardly realize the difference between *work* and *play*; and I dare say they will soon begin to prefer the former. On the contrary, he believes that Dr. WATTS' celebrated childhood's lyrics contain no truth which every day's experience so forcibly confirms, as the two lines which say, that

"Satan finds some mischief still,  
"For *idle* hands to do."



## GRANDFATHER'S PREFACE.

TO

JASPER'S "SKETCHES," "WAY TO WEALTH," &c.

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TO THE MOTHERS.

MY DEAR CHILDREN :

I dare say you have heard it said, that most people who live to be hard on to "four-score years," derive greater enjoyment—especially if those years have not been wholly misspent—from a *retrospective* than from a *prospective* view of this life's affairs. When we commence life's busy scenes, then—in the meaning of the poet—

We never are, but always to be, blest.

So, in some measure, it has been and is now with one who has, in all probability, arrived near the terminus of his earthly pilgrimage—and, having had a pretty lively time of it in active business for the past sixty years, he takes up his pen to while away a few hours that would otherwise hang heavy upon him.

GRANDFATHER has not been much of a story-reader and this is his first attempt at story-writing. His story is "founded on fact"—as he could hardly hope to succeed if he had undertaken to "make up" a story as he went along—and he fears he has succeeded but too indifferently as it is. But howsoever that may be, my beloved, you must "take the will for the deed," as Poor Richard says.

Yes, my dear daughters, it is a retrospective view of what Grandfather was familiar with in early life. His PROTOTYPE is a gentleman of advanced years and extreme modesty, who has been frequently urged by his friends to prepare an autobiography of himself—but all such entreaties have thus far proved unavailing.

But it would be disingenuous in Grandfather not to acknowledge, in this connection, that to "while away a few hours" of leisure, and sketch for the entertainment—and he hopes for the improvement, as well—of his grandchildren, a few incidents in the early life of an intimate companion, was not his *only* "end and aim" in this undertaking. He is profoundly impressed with the belief, that the character and writings of Dr. FRANKLIN are, as it were a "sealed book" to the youth, if not to the manhood, of the present generation: and he is free to confess, that a parent's affection for his offspring of the "second, third and fourth generation," has had some impelling influence in bringing forth this little book—that his anxiety to have the example and precepts of this great man become as familiar to them as they were to the young JASPER, through and by the admonition and instruction of their MOTHERS, has been his leading motive. Let them emulate the example of

our hero's worthy mother—let them instruct their little ones at the fire-side and “by the way,” to treasure up the maxims of industry, economy and prudence so familiarly inculcated in the following pages, and their offspring, like those of our hero's sainted mother, will rise up and shower blessings upon their memory!

In justice to JASPER, and as a hint to those of my posterity who would profit by his example, it should be here stated, that he wrote these “Sketches” merely as an “exercise in composition,” while reading the “Life of Franklin written by himself,” and had not, at that time, the most distant idea of ever printing them. They were written, as were numerous other articles, (some of which found their way into the newspapers of that day) after the labors of the day were over, and while most lads of his age were at play or a sleep.

#### TO SOME OF THE GRANDCHILDREN.

MY DEAR LITTLE ONES—

You who are not old enough fully to understand what young JASPER wrote about the “Life and Character of Doctor Franklin,” if some kind uncle or aunt should make you a *Christmas Present* of this true story-book—and I hope each one of you will find one on your next *Christmas-Tree*—Grandfather Wishwell wants to say a word or two to you about it:

You can read and understand nearly all that is in it about young Jasper, and when you have read that over two or three times, do not throw the book about, or let your little two or three-y'r-old brother or sister, who can't read a word of it, tear it all to pieces—but lay it up in some safe place, so that you can have it to read again when you are big enough to understand all of it.

## JASPER'S PREFACE

TO HIS

SKETCHES OF FRANKLIN'S LIFE AND CHARACTER.

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As this little work is designed almost exclusively to benefit the laboring part of community—those whose daily bread is the fruit of their daily toils—we beg leave, before entering upon our biographical Sketches, to address to them a few admonitory remarks.—(To the affluent and the great, who may condescend to look into these pages, we give but a word: if it be not robed in erudition, nor enriched by the experience of ripe years, receive it warm from the heart of philanthropy: “*Be to thy Country a Franklin—to distressed humanity a friend.*” The rich need not exercise the virtues of industry and frugality inculcated in this book, to procure themselves the means of subsistence: and they will ever be deprived the happiness of having conformed to the divine injunction which says: “*By the sweat of thy face shalt thou live*”—of that happiness which flows from the consciousness of having contributed a due proportion to the sustenance and welfare of mankind.)—To the laborer is reserved this dignified felicity. And

how pleasing to him must be the reflection, that, after having encountered a long series of hardships and perplexities for the attainment of this noble purpose, he has, by a judicious management, accumulated a competency for the support of his declining years. These—will he with justice, and without vaunting say—these fields and this dwelling have I, under the smiles of Providence, brought into being. Here have I a castle which shall cover and protect me through the winter of life, and be to my offspring a shield from the trials through which I have passed.

But more particularly and most earnestly is a thorough perusal of this little volume recommended to the young farmer and mechanic. Having before him an untried path to explore, beset on every side with many tempting allurements to vice, the words and example of FRANKLIN will be to him an invaluable acquisition.—They will point out to him that “straight and narrow way” which shuns the haunts of idleness, self-indulgence, dissipation, crime and an ignominious end, and leads to usefulness and respectability, and almost *certain* riches.

In the present prosperous condition of our country, there are very few *poor* young men who do not possess all the means of acquiring wealth, honor and respectability in the world, with which the youthful Franklin commenced his career. True, he had, perhaps, an unusually vigorous intellect and active mind; which, notwithstanding, would have availed him little, had he not early formed and faithfully maintained a firm resolution to conquer every sensual propensity that hindered intellectual improvement. He spurned those groveling

enjoyments, and experienced the elevating and durable pleasures of mental aggrandizement.

The subjoined "Sketches of Franklin's Life and Character" are but a hasty and an imperfect abridgment of what is or should be universally known to the American youth, as "Franklin's Life—written by himself." Should the perusal of them excite in the young reader the wish to read that interesting, useful, and, withal, *amusing* volume, and an ambition to imitate the illustrious example of its author, the highest expectations of this writer will be more than realized—a few hours of his leisure will not have been vainly employed.

[NOTE.—Soon after the writer of these Sketches commenced publishing books on his own account, in 1815, he added a preface, and the "The Way to Wealth," &c., and printed an edition, which, with an edition or two that followed, met a ready sale, though the work came out, in each case, in no very attractive dress.]

## SKETCHES, &c.

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**D**R. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN was born in Boston, Massachusetts, January 17, 1706. His father JONAS FRANKLIN, had three children born in England, from whence he removed about the year 1682, and four born in America, by his first wife; and ten by a second, of whom the subject of these Sketches was the youngest. He was a sensible, pious and respectable citizen; but having a large family to provide for, and a trade not the most lucrative, he lived in the humble and useful sphere of a laboring mechanic, contented with a bare mediocrity of property. His oldest sons were severally trained to some handicraft, or trade, agreeably to a custom of long standing in his family: he, however, originally designed Benjamin for the pulpit, and accordingly, at the age of eight years, sent him to a grammar-school.

Benjamin early discovered a remarkable capacity for learning to read, and—what was more promising—a turn of mind well calculated to render that ability beneficial. To his fondness for reading we may safely attribute his future usefulness. Yet, to indulge himself in

it required the exercise of a still greater quality—a voluntary denial to himself of the pastimes and pleasures in which so many hours of youth are commonly consumed.

In the grammar young Franklin exhibited his wonted aptness for learning; and it is not presumption to suppose, that but for his father's pecuniary inability to give him an education suited to the profession he had assigned him, he would have ranked among the first literati of the age. How far such an education would have increased his usefulness to mankind, is a question we leave to the decision of more able writers. It is one beyond the scope of our design to discuss.

After leaving the grammar-school, Franklin was kept for some months at a writing-school; when, his father having occasion for his assistance, he was taken from school at ten years old, and we find no record which justifies the belief, that he ever afterward enjoyed the privilege of a single month's regular schooling.

His father followed, while in England, the trade of dyer; but, on coming to America adopted that of soap-boiler and candle-maker, as being in greater request, in the then infant state of the town of Boston. This business was not the most pleasing to Franklin, especially after his having conceived a strong predilection for the sea. He, however, worked two years at it, when he was bound to his brother James, as an appren-



tice to the Printing.—It was about this period of his life that his attachment to books became conspicuous. He was particularly fond of voyages, travels and history, from which he no doubt began to extract and accumulate that fund of knowledge, which afterwards gained him a world-wide reputation as a philosopher and statesman.

It may not, perhaps, be unprofitable for the young reader to pause here a moment, and compare Franklin's situation and prospects with his own. Perhaps he may from this comparison draw the conclusion, that he has greater advantages in his favor, and fewer discouragements to encounter, than had the persevering Franklin. If this be really the case, what other impediment can there be in his way to the dignified standing in society in which we shall by and by find our hero, but the want of a resolute determination to merit, by a similar conduct, the good fortune which attended him? We see him in his thirteenth year, without many literary acquirements—an apprentice—a poor boy, doing the drudgery of a printing-office. He disdained not his duties, however servile in the eyes of some of the youth of later times they might appear: like Aristides of old, who honored a station before viewed with derision by the generality of men.

[Now, my dear grandsons and granddaughters, I want *you* to stop a moment, and think over what young Jasper says in

the above paragraph. In his youthful ardor, he no doubt thought it possible *he* would become another Doctor Franklin! and so thinking, he doubtless set about trying to be one. But though he did n't succeed, he came a great deal nearer the object of his laudable ambition, than the thousands of his contemporaries did who never tried. Like Franklin he was remarkable for his industry, economy, temperance, and public spirit and patriotism. His influence for good was very like that of the Doctor's; but fell far, very far short of it in extent. You see, my dears, *you* and all the other grandchildren of this great nation, cannot *all* become Franklins, and Washingtons, and Martha Washingtons—yet you can every one of you, if you have such good mothers as Jasper had, by trying *as he did*, become as useful and as highly honored, in the comparatively small circles you may walk in, as the great heroes and matrons (we read of in this wide republic) are in their more extended circles.—*Grandf.*]

His brother being then unmarried, boarded, together with his workmen, in a neighboring family. Franklin having read an author who recommended vegetable diet, as most conducive to health, determined to make a trial of it. To rid his landlady of the perplexities which this experiment occasioned, he agreed with his brother to board himself for half the sum it cost him: and of this small pittance, by good economy, he saved *half* for the purchase of books. Thus did he derive, from attention to the precepts inculcated in the works he read, the double profit of facilitating his progress in whatever study he was engaged, and of being able to collect a small library with the surplus money it put

into his hands. The experiment proved so successful, that he persisted in the use of vegetable food for some years afterwards, to his incalculable benefit. This is here noticed as one of the many instances in which he early evinced a mind superior to every obstacle to its improvement.

In 1720 or '21, his master commenced printing "*The New England Courant*," the second newspaper ever published in America. At that time it was considered a very nice point to conduct a common gazette with propriety. The editor of the *Courant* consequently was assisted by a number of literary gentlemen, who, as an amusement, wrote miscellaneous pieces for his paper. They also frequently spent an evening at his house, in congratulating each other upon the success of their essays. These conversations passed in the hearing of Franklin, and stimulated him, as he says in his autobiography, to "*try his hand among them*." Accordingly, he improved the first opportunity for that purpose, disguised his hand-writing, and placed his communication under the door of the office, that his brother might not discover its author, and suppress it merely through antipathy to him: for there had for some time subsisted a hardness between them, owing to the undue severity of the master, in inflicting corporeal punishment upon his apprentice. The production in question, however, after undergoing a thorough scrutiny by the

gentlemen alluded to, was admitted into the Courant, as also were several others, written and communicated under similar circumstances.

About this time an article was inserted in the Courant of a political nature, which incurred the displeasure of the colonial government. In consequence its publisher was imprisoned, and the management of it confided to young Franklin, then only sixteen! He continued for some months to discharge this important trust to the satisfaction of his master, and the no small annoyance of the governors who had caused his confinement. His brother was at length released, on condition, "*That James Franklin should no longer print the New England Courant.*" The paper continued, notwithstanding, to make its appearance in the name of "*Benjamin Franklin;*" thus evading the order.— But to give the affair the show of consistency, and avoid the censure of the Assembly, who might still have room to charge James with printing it in his apprentice's name, the indentures were delivered to their father, with a full discharge on the back; and, to secure the remainder of Benjamin's term of service to James, another agreement was signed, which they mutually agreed to keep secret—but which, as we shall shortly see, did not effect the proposed purpose.

In his memoirs Dr. Franklin, with characteristic frankness and simplicity, remarks upon the transactions

of his life immediately subsequent to those we have just touched upon :

“ It was undoubtedly dishonorable to avail myself of this circumstance ; and I reckon this action as one of the first errors of my life. But I was little capable of estimating it at its true value, embittered as my mind had been at the recollection of the blows I had received. Exclusively of his passionate treatment of me, my brother was by no means a man of ill temper ; and perhaps my manners had too much of impertinence, not to afford it a very natural pretext.”

Having resolved to leave his brother, under impressions like these, little time was lost in making preparations. His friend COLLINS, with whom he had maintained an intimacy from his infancy, procured him a private conveyance to New York, where he expected to obtain employment as a journeyman. From the sale of a part of his library, he obtained a small sum of expense-money, and, after a short passage by water, arrived in New York. He found no vacancy here for a journeyman printer, and was advised to proceed to Philadelphia, one hundred miles further. Without much hesitancy he undertook this journey, with but a scant supply of money, and no means of obtaining more until he found employment. After experiencing a variety of hardships, by land and by water, owing to bad weather, he at length landed safe in Philadelphia.

The following extracts from his memoirs represent his condition in a ludicrous, and we presume, true point

of view, and we cannot forego the pleasure of presenting our readers with them unmutilated :

“On my arrival at Philadelphia I was in my working-dress, my best clothes being to come by sea. I was covered with dirt; my pockets were filled with shirts and stockings. I was unacquainted with a single soul in the place, and knew not where to seek for a lodging. Fatigued with walking, rowing and having passed the night without sleep, I was extremely hungry; all my money consisted of a Dutch dollar and about a shilling's worth of coppers, which I gave to the boatmen for my passage. As I had assisted them in rowing, they refused it at first; but I insisted on their taking it. A man is sometimes more generous when he has little, than when he has much money; probably because, in the first case, he is desirous of concealing his poverty.

“I walked towards the top of the street, looking eagerly on both sides till I came to Market Street, where I met with a child with a loaf of bread. I had often made my dinner on dry bread. I inquired where he had bought it, and went straight to the baker's shop, which he pointed out to me.—I asked for some biscuits, expecting to find such as we had at Boston; but they made, it seems, none of that sort at Philadelphia. I then asked for a three-penny loaf. They made no loaves of that price. Finding myself ignorant of the prices, as well as of the different kinds of bread, I desired him to let me have three-penny worth of bread of some kind or other. He gave me three large rolls. I was surprised at receiving so much. I took them, however, and having no room in my pockets, I walked on with a roll under each arm, eating the third. In this manner I went through Market Street to Fourth Street, and passed the house of Mr. Read, the father of my future wife. She was stand-



Franklin, with his rolls.





ing at the door, observed me, and thought with reason, that I made a very singular and grotesque appearance.

"I then turned the corner and went through Chestnut Street, eating my roll all the way: and having made this round, I found myself again on Market Street wharf, near the boat in which I had arrived. I stepped into it to take a draught of the river water; and, finding myself satisfied with my first roll, I gave the other two to a woman and child, who had come down the river with us in the boat."

Going to the printing-office to which he was directed on leaving New York, he could get no work; but was assured by another printer, who had then but lately commenced business in Philadelphia, that he would employ him after a certain period had elapsed.

Franklin soon became acquainted with those young persons of the place, who, like himself, were fond of books, in whose society he spent most of his evenings.

His active and prolific genius would not suffer him to remain long unnoticed. One Mr. Keith, then governor of the province of Pennsylvania, yet a man without integrity or honor, as the sequel will show, seeing a letter he had written to Captain Holmes, his brother-in-law, and learning the age and condition of its writer, expressed his surprise that such talents were so abusedly neglected. The Governor soon after became personally acquainted with Franklin, frequently invited him to dine at his table, and at length, from the purest motive, as Franklin then supposed, proposed, through his own

and the influence of his friends, to enable him to effect an establishment in his business in Philadelphia.

Before a project of this magnitude could be put in execution, the concurrence and assistance of his father was necessary ; to obtain which he returned to Boston, carrying with him a long letter from his *illustrious patron*, the Governor, to his father, setting forth the advantages of the contemplated undertaking in the most glowing colors. These representations, however, could not convince him of the propriety of entrusting his son, then only eighteen, with so great an undertaking. He permitted him to return again to Philadelphia, giving him only some wholesome counsel respecting his future conduct, and a few presents expressive of his affection and good wishes.

Governor Keith seemed determined, notwithstanding, that Franklin should open a printing-office at Philadelphia, and himself engaged to advance the necessary capital, which was to be repaid to him as soon as convenient. In the mean time the project was to be kept a profound secret, until the apparatus arrived from London. Franklin was to continue in the employ of Keimer, for whom he had previously worked, until the ship *Annis*, which made regular voyages between the ports of London and Philadelphia, should be ready for sea ; when he was to take letters of recommendation, credit, &c. from the Governor, and proceed to London,

in the said ship *Annis*, to make the purchase of his materials.

Many circumstances relative to this affair had concurred to excite uneasiness in Franklin's mind, before he left Philadelphia. Keith had, for instance, fixed on several times to deliver him the requisite papers, and had as often disappointed him : but he still persuaded himself that he was sincere in his professions of friendship, and that the veracity of a man so high in authority ought not to be doubted.

When Franklin embarked for England, it was with the expectation that the letters above alluded to would be sent on board the *Annis*, as the Governor's secretary assured him they should be. On demanding them of the captain, he was told that they were all enclosed in the mail, and that he should have an opportunity to take them out before reaching England. The vessel arrived in the Thames without accident, and he was permitted to search for the letters. What must have been his disappointment and consternation, after having placed the most implicit confidence in the Governor's promises, and having in consequence incurred no inconsiderable expense, in time and money, on first ascertaining the fact, that no such papers were on board ! On a mind less resolute than Franklin's—unaccustomed as his was to the conception of treachery so wanton and mean as was Keith's in this instance, a dilemma like

this must have produced very pernicious effects. But his never yielded for a moment to despair. Though the perfidy of one man had been thus unveiled, and his sanguine hopes of shortly entering more extensively on the world's grand theatre of action, were thus crushed at once, he kept aloof from those haunts of vice and dissipation, into which sudden changes of fortune and expectations so often plunge mankind.

Franklin, in compliance with his friend Denham's advice, with whom he had formed acquaintance during the passage, applied for work as a journeyman, which he had the good fortune to obtain immediately. He applied eagerly to his business, earned much money; but an unlucky friendship he had contracted for one James Ralph, a young man of parts, but of dissolute manners, kept him poor. His generosity to Ralph, as well as to Collins, was very illy requited.

There was a bookseller in the vicinity of the office in which Franklin was employed, who, for a stipulated sum, loaned him what books he wanted. He derived great benefit from this agreement.

While thus attentive to the interest of the intellectual, he did not entirely neglect that of the animal faculties. In Watt's printing-office, the second and last in which he worked while in London, were employed about fifty journeymen, all great lovers of ale. Franklin had, by study and observation, satisfied himself, that whatever

stimulates, or causes undue fermentation of the blood, impairs the strength of the body, as much as does the perspiration occasioned by its too violent exercise—and he endeavored to convince his fellow-workmen how absurd it was to suppose, that any nutriment could be derived from beer, not only by mathematical calculation, but by actual experiment, which he thus notes in his memoirs :

“I carried occasionally a large form of letters in each hand up and down stairs, while the rest employed both hands to carry one. They were surprised to see, by this and many other examples, that the *American Aquatic*, as they used to call me, was stronger than those who drank porter.”

This abstinence from ale contributed to increase his little savings, as well as to preserve his strength.

In England, at this period of his life, Franklin worked incessantly eighteen months; when his friend Denham, to whom he was strongly attached, and who seemed more worthy his esteem, than either Collins or Ralph, (each in turn drew from him considerable sums which they never repaid,) engaged him as a clerk in a store of goods which he was about to carry with him on his return to Philadelphia.

They arrived at that city on the 11th October, 1726. Franklin saw, soon after his arrival, the ex-Governor Keith, who seemed not a little disconcerted at unexpectedly meeting a young man he had so grossly deceiv-

ed, and so materially injured. He had been dismissed his governorship, and was now a private citizen. This humiliating circumstance, however, did not convince him how necessary is strict justice in our intercourse with the meanest fellow-creatures, to the maintenance of an honorable standing in society; for, instead of seizing the first opportunity to repair and atone for the injury he had done our hero, he did not even condescend to speak with him.

Franklin now applied himself assiduously to his newly adopted calling, and renounced the printing business, as he thought, forever. But an unfortunate, and to him a truly distressing event, disappointed his expectations on this head. It was the death of his valuable friend and patron, Mr. Denham, in whose service he spent nearly a year, and gained considerable useful knowledge in the mercantile line of business. Early in the year 1727 they were both taken ill at the same time. Franklin was attacked with a pleurisy, which he had very severely. Denham did not long survive his disorder.

On losing this amiable companion, Franklin, not readily finding employment among the merchants, resumed his trade. Keimer still carried on the printing, and was now in want of a journeyman to superintend his office. Franklin reluctantly undertook the task for him, which was a very laborious one at first, owing to

the ignorance of his workmen. He succeeded in bringing them under tolerable discipline; and, by securing their good will, was able to instruct them in their respective duties, to the essential benefit of their employer. He had, while in this situation, more time than usual to devote to reading and mental improvement.—Keimer being a Jew, by *profession*, kept Saturday sacred, which gave him two days rest from labor out of seven. Not long previous to the expiration of the stipulated term of service, however, a rupture happened between them, and Franklin, not caring to live where he could not receive civil treatment from his superiors, abruptly left Keimer, and remained some time in Philadelphia unemployed.

About this time one Hugh Meredith, a man of good understanding, tolerably well read, but unfortunately addicted to brandy, who had worked with Franklin at Keimer's, and conceived an attachment to him, proposed a partnership with him, for the purpose of establishing a third printing-office in Philadelphia; there being then but two, neither of which was capable of executing work with decency. His proposal was immediately acceded to—being in substance, that he would furnish most of the capital necessary to commence with, in consideration for Franklin's superior knowledge and skill in the business, and that they should share the profits equally. An order for the materials of an office

was accordingly sent to London by Meredith's father, who became surety for the fulfilment of his part of the contract. It was agreed that the project should be kept from the public until put in execution.

Meanwhile, former differences having been accommodated, Franklin again entered the office of Keimer, who had obtained the printing of the *New Jersey Bills*—a very lucrative job, which he could not have executed without Franklin's assistance.

In this instance, as well as in many preceding ones (of which the limits we had prescribed for this abridged history forbid the notice,) he evinced a magnanimity that would have added lustre to the most exalted character. Notwithstanding Keimer's abusive and ungrateful conduct towards him, and the competition in business which was, in all probability about to take place between them, he still continued to promote his interest by his skilful assistance in this time of his enemy's pressing need.

While executing the bills at Burlington, New Jersey, he formed acquaintance with members of the assembly, and other officers of the provincial government, who showed him many flattering attentions, and were afterwards particularly serviceable to him. He returned to Philadelphia after an absence of three months, where their printing apparatus soon after arrived.

Some time prior to his commencement in business



with Meredith, Franklin formed a club from the circle of his acquaintance, distinguished by the appellation of "*The Junta*," the object of which was to improve and enlighten the understandings of its members. They met on Friday evenings in each week; when, agreeably to the regulations which he had drawn up, "Each member proposed, in his turn, one or more questions upon some point of morality, politics, or philosophy, which were to be discussed by the society; and to read, once in three months, an essay of his own composition on whatever subject he pleased. Their debates were under the direction of a president, and were to be dictated only by a single desire of truth; the pleasure of disputing, and the vanity of triumph having no share in the business: and, in order to prevent undue warmth, every expression which implied obstinate adherence to an opinion, and all direct contradiction, were prohibited, under small pecuniary penalties."

This was the first institution of the kind known in those days. Its utility was attested by nearly forty years' experience; and it is deeply to be regretted that the present generation do not reap greater benefit from this invention. It is true similar societies have been formed—or at least societies which wear its external character—but their objects and results have been widely different.

The formation of this club promoted Franklin's suc-

ness in business, as well as the improvement of his mind. For these blessings he was, under providence, indebted to his indefatigable diligence. "The industry of this Franklin, (a respectable gentleman observed before a club of merchants who occasionally met at that time in Philadelphia) is superior to any thing I have ever witnessed. I see him at work when I return from the club at night, and he is at it again in the morning before his neighbors are out of bed." He thus gained a reputation which concentrated on him the good wishes of many influential and wealthy persons in Philadelphia and its vicinity, who delighted to encourage a young man of such promising habits.

Keimer having learned that Franklin and Meredith contemplated printing a paper, immediately issued proposals for publishing one himself, which so incensed Franklin, that he gave him a pretty severe handling, through the medium of the only newspaper then printed in that place, under the head of "*The Busy Body*." Keimer began and continued his paper several months; but with so little success, that he at length offered it to Franklin and Meredith for a small consideration, who gladly accepted his offer.

Almost from his childhood Franklin had accustomed himself to the use of his pen. His first productions were by no means extraordinary, as his friend Collins was allowed by his father to be his superior in point of

correct composition. But, Demosthenes-like, he overcame those obstacles in his way to eminence in any branch of knowledge he wished to acquire, by a persevering application of the means most likely to accomplish the object in view. In evidence of this we find him, at the age of fourteen or fifteen beginning the systematic plan of self-discipline of correcting the style and mode of putting his ideas on paper he had adopted, which he no doubt pursued until, or after the period to which we have now brought down his history. He did not aspire to any thing of the sublime in expression, from the conviction, that "to inform or to be informed, is the chief end of language;" and that, if we would persuade people to adopt our opinions and views, a plain, unstudied and modest display of them will have greater influence than the more lofty and finished style.

On commencing their paper, Franklin began to reap the fruits of his labors to perfect himself in the art of writing the English language with perspicuity. Their paper soon acquired a high reputation, and an extensive circulation. It was also assisted by an order from the assembly, which transferred its printing from Bradford to Franklin and Meredith.

But in the midst of these fair prospects, a difficulty occurred which threatened their speedy ruin. Meredith's father had paid only half the sum that was due the merchant for their printing-office. Being tired of

waiting, he commenced a suit against them, which was on the eve of issuing in the execution of judgment, when, of course, their press and type must have been sold under their value to satisfy the debt. Meredith's habits of intoxication, instead of being restrained by the example of sobriety and industry set him by his partner, continued daily to gain strength—insomuch that he “*was frequently seen drunk in the streets, and gambling at ale-houses.*”

In this situation of their affairs, two gentlemen, unknown to each other, tendered Franklin the loan of a sum which would enable him to take the whole concern to himself. He declined accepting either of these generous offers, until it was ascertained that the Merediths were not able to discharge the debt above mentioned, and his partnership with them had been, by mutual consent, dissolved; when he applied to them, and obtained of each half the sum they had individually offered him. He now had the whole avails of his industry, without the incumbrance of a dissipated partner—and began to pay his debts, which were by no means inconsiderable.

In about the twenty-fourth year of his age Franklin took an active and interested part in the welfare of his fellow-citizens. At that time the public mind was much agitated in discussing the utility of a new emission of paper money. It was a topic which was supposed to

put the interests of the wealthy and the less opulent in competition—the latter opposing the increase of such currency, on account of its liability to depreciation ; in which case, being its principal holders, they would consequently sustain the greatest losses—the former class advocating it, because proofs of its beneficial effects were daily exhibited before their eyes, in the animation and increase it gave to commerce, population, industry, &c. The subject was brought before Franklin's Junta, the debates in which so clearly elucidated it, that he wrote and published a pamphlet, entitled, "An Inquiry into the nature and necessity of a Paper Currency," which was instrumental in bringing about a new emission, as a law for that purpose soon after passed in the assembly.

For this instrumentality Franklin was in part rewarded by being employed to print the bills ; and he afterwards obtained, through the influence of his friends in the assembly, the printing of those for the Newcastle paper money, together with all the laws and votes of the New Jersey assembly, which last he retained as long as he continued in business.

This good fortune was to him, no doubt, a pleasing consequence of the pains he had taken in early life to lay by a fund of useful knowledge, and to qualify himself, by a habitual use of his pen, for a judicious and profitable display of it.

Franklin's credit at length became very extensive, and continued to increase, while that of Keimer as rapidly deserted him, until, as a last resort, he was obliged to sell his establishment to satisfy his creditors. One of his apprentices succeeded him: he, however, soon followed the example of his master, and left Philadelphia. There was then but one competitor with Franklin in the city, and he, being in easy circumstances, did but little business. This person, like Keimer, was somewhat tinctured with meanness, which was particularly discernible in his efforts to suppress the circulation of Franklin's paper, by depriving him the use of the post-office, of which he had the direction. He says in his memoirs, "This treatment of his excited my resentment; and my disgust was so rooted, that when I afterwards succeeded him in the post-office, I took care to avoid copying his example."

In 1730 Franklin was married to a Miss Read, who had some years before been connected in matrimony with one Rogers. She soon separated from him, and refused to bear his name, on account of a report in circulation, that he had another wife. She was a truly sensible and amiable young lady, and contributed greatly to the prosperity and happiness of her partner in life.

About the year 1731 Franklin conceived the idea of establishing a public Library in Philadelphia by sub-

scription. Little attention had been paid to subjects of a literary nature in Pennsylvania, previous to his residence there. He drew up proposals for that purpose, and succeeded in procuring upwards of fifty subscribers, who advanced forty shillings each, and agreed to pay a tax of ten shillings annually. The number increased, and in 1742 the company was incorporated by the name of "*The Library Company of Philadelphia.*" This company, after having been united with several other similar ones, built an elegant house in Fifth Street, in front of which is erected a marble statue of its founder.

The benefits resulting from this institution were not confined to the wealthy. The cheapness of the terms enabled the citizens of the middle and lower walks of life to partake of them. Nor were the inhabitants of Philadelphia, alone, indebted to the sagacity of Franklin for their scientific acquirements and improvement. Other cities followed the example of Philadelphia ; and even in small towns and villages, throughout the United States, may at this day\* be found public libraries—yet most of them on a smaller scale—formed from a model which originated with Dr. Franklin.

In 1732 he began to publish "*Poor Richard's Almanac,*" famed, perhaps, in every part of the civilized world, for the maxims it contained. These maxims were all collected in an address to the reader, and pub-

\* This was written in 1811.

lished in the last number of his almanac, entitled—"THE WAY TO WEALTH." It has been translated into most of the living languages, and is considered the most perfect practical system of economy extant. While the plain, unadorned garb in which it is clothed renders it intelligible to the weakest capacity, the force and propriety of its counsels cannot fail to make a favorable and lasting impression on the mind of every reflecting reader.

Franklin entered upon his political career in about the thirtieth year of his age, in capacity of clerk to the general assembly of Pennsylvania—to which office he was annually elected, until he was sent to that body as a representative, by the citizens of Philadelphia. He was likewise appointed postmaster, as successor of Bradford, in 1737.

One year after this appointment, he brought to light a very important improvement in the police of cities. It was the formation of a fire-company. They are now so generally known, and have so essentially aided in the preservation of our cities from the ravages of that destructive element, nothing need be said about the importance of this invention. Shortly afterwards he suggested the plan of an association for the insurance of houses from losses by fire, which was adopted; and is likewise generally known and approved.

During the war between Great Britain and France



in the year 1744, the province of Pennsylvania was subjected to frequent incursions from the bordering French and Indians. The colonial government was rendered incompetent to its defence, by a disagreement between the assembly and the governor. The crisis was truly alarming, and Franklin, with his wonted promptitude, stepped forth. He proposed to a meeting of the citizens of Philadelphia the plan of a voluntary association for their common defence. It was immediately signed by twelve hundred persons; and in a short time the number of signers increased to ten thousand.

Franklin was chosen colonel of the Philadelphia regiment; but did not think proper to accept the honor.

#### THE LIGHTNING-ROD INVENTION—THE TELEGRAPH FORE-RUNNER.

About this time he engaged in a series of electrical experiments, which occupied much of his attention for several years. Among the most renowned philosophers of the age he appears to have taken the lead in this science.

In the year 1749 he first suggested the idea of explaining the phenomenon of thundergusts and the Aurora Borealis, on electrical principles; and in the same year he conceived the sublime project of ascertaining the truth of his theory, by actually drawing down the forked lightning, by means of sharp pointed iron rods

raised into the region of the clouds! By erecting these rods over buildings, he concluded that they might be preserved from the effects of lightning.

But it was not until the summer of 1752 that he proved the practicability of the thing, by actual experiment.

He originally proposed to erect on some high tower a sentry-box, from which should be raised a pointed rod. Electrified clouds passing over this would, he imagined, impart to it a portion of their electricity, which would be made evident to the sense by sparks being emitted, when a key, a knuckle, or other conductor, was applied to it.

But Franklin's anxiety to know the correctness of his theory—from which, if a successful experiment ensued, he anticipated highly beneficial results to mankind—he could not brook the delay that the erection of a spire for the purpose would occasion. He had recourse to a more simple mode.

Having prepared a common kite, by attaching two cross sticks to a silk handkerchief, (instead of paper,) with an iron point fixed to his upright stick, and a string of hemp, except the lower end, which was silk, he went into the commons, accompanied by his son, to whom alone he communicated his intentions. A thunder-gust approaching, he placed himself under a shed to avoid the rain, and raised his kite. The thunder-cloud passed over, but no sign of electricity appeared. He al-



Franklin drawing lightning from the clouds.



most despaired of success, when suddenly he perceived the loose fibres of his string move towards an erect posture. He now applied his knuckle to the key which was fastened at the lower end of the hempen cord, and received a strong spark!

How exquisite must have been his sensations of joy at this moment! Despondency had begun to gather on his brow, when—with the rapidity indeed of an “electric shock,”—this successful experiment expelled every doubt relative to the truth of his theory.

His letters to a friend in London, in which he described his theories and experiments, were there published, and soon re-published in the various languages.

The reputation of Franklin, as a philosopher, now placed him on a very high standing among men of science. They vied with each other in courting his acquaintance and correspondence, from all parts of the world. As is the fortune of all great men, he aroused the envy of some who endeavored to detract from the merits of his discoveries, by imputing them to others. But their attempts to do so, by exciting inquiry into the subject, counteracted their envious designs, by incontestibly confirming his claim to the honor of originating the invention of lightning-rods, now in common use throughout America.

Though Philosophy was his favorite study, it did not occupy his whole attention. His influence in the as-

sembly was very great. On every important question in which the distinct interests of the wealthy and the poorer part of community came in competition—which they frequently did—he was ever found a strenuous advocate on the side of the latter. His attachment to the just rights of man was eminently manifest in the whole tenor of his public life. The pageantry and pomp of worldly power and grandeur never swerved his sympathy for the suffering or the oppressed, whose cause he adopted and maintained as his own.

Franklin's influence in the assembly arose not from any superior powers of eloquence—of these he had no need; for he never was known to make any thing like an elaborate harangue. His speeches often consisted of a single sentence, or of a well-told story, the moral of which was always obviously to the point. Thus, by a single remark, in his plain, concise manner, proceeding from his penetrating, solid judgment, he was able to confound the most eloquent and subtle of his adversaries—to render abortive a lengthy discourse, and decide the fate of an important question.

Still solicitous for the permanent security of those rights of the people which he had taken so great pains to point out and support, he sought out a method to effect the grand object of his desire. He had already contributed much to the diffusion of intelligence among his fellow-citizens in founding a public library; but much

remained yet to be done. School-literature, as before observed, was in a neglected state. The few schools then in operation were provided with poorly qualified teachers, who gave their pupils the rudiments, only, of a common English education.

Franklin drew up a plan of an Academy to be erected at Philadelphia, suited to "the state of an infant country," making provision for the erection by posterity of "a seminary of learning more extensive, and suitable to future circumstances." The constitutions were drawn up in pursuance of this plan, and signed in 1749. In January of the year following the Latin and the Greek, the mathematical and the English schools were opened.

Thus successful in its commencement, the institution continued daily to flourish, to the infinite satisfaction of its founder. He was in hopes, ere long, to be able to accomplish his original design, viz., the establishment of a university upon the plan of the European colleges.

It was not until the 27th of May, 1755, two years after the date of the charter of his academy, that Franklin, with the assistance of his extensive circle of friends, and the twenty-four trustees whom he had appointed, completed the work he so ingeniously planned and arduously labored to accomplish, by procuring a charter for a college, upon a large and liberal founda-

tion. This was effected by subscriptions and donations from gentlemen in England and America, who were friendly to the institution.

In 1753 Franklin was appointed deputy postmaster-general for the colonies. The profits arising from the postoffice were a part of the revenue which the British crown derived from America; which, in the hands of Franklin, are said to have been thrice as much as those derived from Ireland.

About this time—the Indians still continuing their encroachments upon the colonies—commissioners from New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Maryland, met at Albany to devise a plan of union, and provide means for their general protection. Franklin, as a commissioner from Pennsylvania, formed what is now termed the “Albany Plan of Union.” This plan was accepted by the commissioners, and copies of it sent to the several assemblies, as also one to the King’s Council. Its singular fate very strikingly evinces the deep discernment of its projector. It was disapproved by the ministry of Great Britain, because it gave too much power to the representatives of the people; and it was rejected by every assembly, as giving to the representative of the crown an influence greater than appeared to them proper, in a plan of government intended for freemen. Perhaps this rejection, on both sides, is the strongest



proof of its excellence that could be adduced, as suited to the situation of America and Great Britain at that time.

The Indians, however, continued their depredations. The British government thought proper to interfere: Braddock was sent, and defeated by the French and Indians, and on that occurrence great alarm pervaded the colonies. In Pennsylvania the prevalence of the Quaker interest had prevented the adoption of any system of defence which would compel the citizens to bear arms. A bill introduced into the Assembly by Franklin passed to a law, by which every man was allowed to take arms or not. In consequence of this act a very respectable militia was organized, and Franklin was again appointed colonel of a regiment in Philadelphia, consisting of 1200 men. He discharged, under the direction of the Governor, an important trust, with his accustomed promptitude and success, and returned to the Assembly, where business of moment rendered his presence necessary.

In June, 1757, Franklin departed from America as agent for the province of Pennsylvania, bearing a petition and an address, which he was instructed by the assembly to lay before the King in council, should he fail to accommodate the difference with the proprietaries in England. The petition stated that the inhabitants of that province labored under many inconveni-

ces, in consequence of the governor's refusing his assent to any law, for an equal taxation of the proprietary estates, in common with other property, and praying for redress. He at length succeeded in adjusting the dispute, after having laid the petition before the privy council, who proposed that he should solemnly engage, that the assessment of the tax should be so made, that the proprietary estates should pay no more than a due proportion. This he agreed to perform, and the Penn family withdrew their opposition. The manner in which he discharged this trust exhibits, in a prominent point of view, the confidence reposed in his honor and good faith, even by those who considered him inimical to their views.

Franklin remained in England six years as agent for the province of Pennsylvania; and on his return to America received £5,000 Pennsylvania currency, together with the thanks of the Assembly, "As well for the faithful discharge of his duty to that province in particular, as for the many and important services done to America in general, during his residence in Great Britain."

#### THE DEGREE OF LL. D. CONFERRED.

While he remained in England he was admitted a Fellow of the Royal Society of London: and the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred upon him by the University of St. Andrews, in Scotland, and by

those of Edinburgh and Oxford. His philosophical researches had gained him renown all over Europe. The most eminent scientific characters sought his correspondence. Even those who had formerly discredited or opposed his theories, now thought themselves honored by a personal acquaintance with him.

He published a pamphlet, setting forth, in very forcible terms, the advantages which would result to G. Britain from the conquest of the Canadas. An expedition was soon after planned, the command given to General Wolfe, and the cession of all her American possessions by France to Great Britain, is well known to have been the result.

On returning to America Dr. Franklin resumed his seat in the Assembly, of which he had been annually elected a member.

In the year 1764, the disputes having again been revived between the proprietary interest and the Assembly, Dr. Franklin was appointed provincial agent, and repaired once more to the Court of St. James. It was about this time that the British Cabinet commenced the system of taxation against her colonies, which eventuated in the ever-memorable Revolution of '76. Dr. Franklin underwent an examination before the House of Commons, the object of which was to collect information respecting the disposition of the people to submit to Grenville's famous stamp-act. This examination was

published, and contains a striking proof of the extent and accuracy of his information, and of the facility with which he communicated it.—The act, it will be recollected, was repealed, before an attempt was made to put it in execution, and in consequence, no doubt, of Franklin's representations.

#### FRANKLIN TRAVELS ABROAD.

After rendering himself particularly serviceable in the discharge of these duties, Dr. Franklin, in the years 1766 and '67, traveled into Holland, Germany and France, where he was received with the greatest marks of respect and attention by men of science. In France he was introduced to many distinguished personages, among whom was that unfortunate king, Louis XVI.

He shortly after returned to England, where his presence was necessary as provincial agent from the assembly of Massachusetts. He continued to reside at that court, under various appointments of the colonies, until the year 1774. Great as was his influence in the British Parliament, and his exertions to produce a change in its oppressive measures relative to America, through the means of that influence, he at length relinquished the idea, and returned to Philadelphia, soon after hostilities had commenced. He was immediately chosen a member of Congress, by the Pennsylvania legislature; and not long afterward he visited the Canadas, to endeavor to unite them in the common cause

of liberty; but they could not be prevailed upon to oppose the British government.

In 1776 Lord Howe arrived in America, with power to treat with the colonies. Dr. Franklin, with others, waited on him as commissioners to learn the extent of his powers; which they found were only to grant pardon, in case of submission. They were not prepared to treat on these conditions.

Dr. Franklin now exerted his whole influence, which at this time was very great, in bringing about the Declaration of Independence, which soon followed.

Dr. Franklin was elected president of the convention in 1776, for establishing a new form of government for Pennsylvania. In the latter part of the same year he was sent to assist in negotiations at the court of France, where, by his indefatigable exertions, he succeeded in obtaining for his struggling and almost exhausted country a treaty of offensive and defensive alliance with that power. And, in 1782, he, in conjunction with Messrs. Adams, Jay and Lawrens, on the part of the United States, and Mr. Oswald, on the part of Great Britain, signed the provisional articles of peace, which paved the way for the definitive treaty with Great Britain, which was concluded and signed at Paris in 1783, by Dr. Franklin, Messrs. Adams and Jay, on the one part, and Mr. Hartly, on the other. He also negotiated and signed in behalf of the United States, similar treaties

with Sweden and Prussia, before his return from his mission, in the year 1785.

After his arrival in Philadelphia, he was chosen president of the Supreme Executive Council of that city. He was a member of the Convention which met at Philadelphia, in 1787, to revise and amend the Constitution of the United States. He signed this invaluable instrument, and gave it the most unequivocal marks of his approbation.

In the year 1788, the venerable and beloved FRANKLIN, grown gray and infirm in the service of mankind and his country, retired wholly from public life. He was at this time president of several charitable and other societies; but was prevented attending their meetings in person, by a disease which, on the 17th of February, 1790, terminated his long and useful life of eighty-four years and three months.

Next to the "immortal Washington" has Franklin contributed as much as any one man, to the growth, respectability, happiness and prosperity of America.—Millions yet unborn will share in common with us their progenitors, the benefits of his well-spent life. From his infancy a stern advocate of the rights of man, Franklin and his compatriots of the Revolution labored not in vain; the attendant blessings of our national Independence are the work of their hands.

A rigid economist, as he was, in matters pertaining

to diversion and vain parade, he dispensed with liberality to the relief of the unfortunate and suffering poor—an inflexible adherent to strict justice and morality, in his intercourse with the world, by unwearied industry and frugality, he rose from the dregs of society, if we may so express it, to affluence—and to some of the most important and honorable official stations in the gift of his countrymen.

W——, January, 1811.





# THE WAY TO WEALTH.

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COURTHOUS READER:

**I** HAVE heard that nothing gives an author so great pleasure, as to find his works respectfully quoted by others. Judge, then, how much I must have been gratified by an incident I am going to relate to you.

I stopped my horse, lately, where a great number of people were collected at an auction of merchants' goods. The hour of sale not being come, they were conversing on the badness of the times. One of the company called to a plain, clean old man, with white locks: "Pray, Father Abraham, what think you of the times? Will not these heavy taxes quite ruin the country? How shall we be ever able to pay them? What would you advise us to?"

Father Abraham stood up and replied: "If you would have my advice, I will give it you in short, for 'A word to the wise is enough,' as Poor Richard says."

They joined in desiring him to speak his mind, and, gathering around him, he proceeded as follows:

"Friends," says he, "the taxes are, indeed, very

heavy; and if those laid by the government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them: but we have many others, and much more grievous to be borne by some of us. We are taxed with twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly; and from these taxes the Commissioners cannot ease or deliver us, by allowing an abatement. However, let us hearken to good advice, and something may be done for us. "God helps them that help themselves," as Poor Richard says.

I. It would be thought a hard government that should tax its people one-tenth part of their time, to be employed in its service: but idleness taxes many of us much more: sloth, by bringing on diseases, absolutely shortens life. "Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears—while the used key is always bright," as Poor Richard says. "But dost thou love life? then do not squander time; for that is the stuff life is made of," as Poor Richard says. How much more than is necessary do we spend in sleep? forgetting that "the sleeping fox catches no poultry, and that there will be sleeping enough in the grave," as Poor Richard says.

"If time be of all things the most precious, wasting time must be," as Poor Richard says, "the greatest prodigality;" "since," as he elsewhere tells us, "lost time is never found again; and what we call time enough,

always proves little enough." Then let us be up and doing—and doing to the purpose; so by diligence we shall do more with less perplexity.

"Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all easy; and, he that rises late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night; while Laziness travels so slowly, that Poverty soon overtakes him.—Drive thy business—let not that drive thee—and, early to bed and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise," as Poor Richard says.

So, what signifies wishing and hoping for better times? We may make these times better if we bestir ourselves. "Industry need not wish, and he that lives upon hope will die fasting. There are no gains without pains; then, help hands, for I have no lands," or, if I have, they are smartly taxed.

"He that hath a trade, hath an estate; and he that hath a calling, hath an office of profit and honor," as Poor Richard says; but then the trade must be worked at, and the calling well followed, or neither the estate nor the office will enable us to pay our taxes.

If we are industrious, we will never starve; for, "At the workman's house hunger looks in, but dares not enter." Nor will the bailiff or the constable enter, for "Industry pays debts, while despair increaseth them." What though you have found no treasure, nor has any rich relation left you a legacy, "Diligence is the moth-

er of good luck, and God gives all things to industry. Then plow deep, while sluggards sleep, and you shall have corn to sell and to keep." Work while it is called to-day, for you know not how much you may be hindered to-morrow. "One to-day is worth two to-morrows," as poor Richard says; and further, "Never leave that till to-morrow which you can do to-day."—If you were a servant, would you not be ashamed that a good master should catch you idle? Are you then your own master? be ashamed to catch yourself idle, when there is so much to be done for yourself, your family, your relations and your country.

Handle your tools without mittens; remember that "The cat in gloves catches no mice," as Poor Richard says.

It is true, there is much to be done, and perhaps you are weak-handed; but stick to it steadily, and you will see great effects; for "Constant dropping wears away stones—and by diligence and patience the mouse ate in two the cable;" and, "Little strokes fell great oaks."

Methinks I hear some of you say, "Must a man afford himself no leisure?" I will tell thee, my friend, what Poor Richard says: "Employ thy time well, if thou meanest to gain leisure; and, since thou art not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour." Leisure is time for doing something useful. This leisure the diligent man will obtain, but the lazy man never; for,

"A life of leisure and a life of laziness are two things. Many, without labor, would live by their wits only; but they break for want of stock:" whereas industry gives comfort, and plenty, and respect. "Fly pleasures and they will follow you. The diligent spinner has a large shift; and, now I have a sheep and a cow every body bids me good-morrow."

II. But with our industry, we must likewise be steady, settled and careful, and oversee our own affairs with our own eyes, and not trust too much to others; for, as Poor Richard says,

"I never saw an oft-removed tree,

"Nor yet an oft-removed family,

"That throve so well as those that settled be."

And again, "Three removes is as bad as a fire:" and again, "Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee:" and again, "If you would have your business done, *go*; if not, *send*." And again:

"He that by the plow would thrive,

"Himself must either hold or drive."

And again; the eye of a master will do more work than both his hands: and again, "Want of care does us more damage than want of knowledge: and again, "Not to oversee workmen is to leave them your purse open."

Trusting too much to others' care is the ruin of many; for, "In the affairs of this world men are saved, not by faith, but by the want of it." A man's own care is profitable; for, "If you would have a faithful servant, and one that you like, serve yourself. A little neglect may breed great mischief: for want of a nail the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe the horse was lost; for want of a horse the rider was lost"—being overtaken and slain by the enemy—all for the want of a little care about a horse-shoe nail.

III. So much for industry, my friends, and attention to one's own business; but to these we must add frugality, if we would make our industry more certainly successful. A man may, if he knows not how to save as he gets, "keep his nose all his life to the grindstone, and die not worth a groat at last." "A fat kitchen makes a lean will;" and

"Many estates are spent in the getting,

"Since women for tea forsake spinning and knitting,

"And men for punch forsake hewing and splitting."

If you would be wealthy, think of saving as well as getting. The Indies have not made Spain rich, because her outgoes are greater than her incomes.

Away, then, with your expensive follies, and you will not have so much cause to complain of hard times, heavy taxes and chargeable families; for

‘ Women and wine, game and deceit,  
“ Make the wealth small, and the want great.”

And, farther, “ What maintains one vice would bring up two children.” You may think, perhaps, that a little tea,\* or a little punch now and then—diet a little more costly, clothes a little finer, and a little entertainment now and then, can be no great matter ; but remember, “ Many a little makes a mickle.” Beware of little expenses. “ A small leak will sink a great ship,” as Poor Richard says: and again, “ Who dainties love shall beggars prove.” And moreover, “ Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them.”

Here you are all got together to this sale of fineries and nick-nacks. You call them goods ; but if you do not take care, they will prove evils to some of you.—You expect they will be sold cheap ; and perhaps they may, for less than they cost ; but if you have no occasion for them, they must be dear to you. Remember what Poor Richard says ; “ Buy what thou hast no need of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessities.—And again, “ At a great pennyworth pause awhile.” He means that perhaps the cheapness is apparent, only,

[\* I hardly think that if good old Dr. Franklin had lived till this time and printed Poor Richard’s Almanac, he would have put in TEA as a *luxury*. But Jasper, who was born just about 90 years after the Doctor, says his mother seldom had any in the house while he lived at home, and would buy only a half or a quarter of a pound at a time, for “ company.”—*Grandfather* ]

and not real; or that the bargain, by straitening thee in thy business, may do thee more harm than good : for in another place he says, " Many have been ruined by buying good pennyworths." Again, " It is foolish to lay out money in a purchase of repentance;" and yet this folly is practiced every day at auctions, for want of minding the Almanac.

Many a one, for the sake of finery on the back, has gone with a hungry belly, and half starved their families. " Silks and satins, scarlet and velvets, put out the kitchen fire," as Poor Richard says. These are not the necessities of life—they scarcely can be called the conveniences—and yet, only because they look pretty. how many want to have them !

By these and other extravagances, the genteel are reduced to poverty, and forced to borrow of those whom they formerly despised, but who, through industry and frugality, have maintained their standing; in which case it appears plainly, that " A plowman on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his knees," as Poor Richard says.

Perhaps they have had a small estate left them, which they knew not the getting of: they think " It is day, and will never be night;" that a little to be spent out of so much is not worth minding; " but always taking out of the meal-tub, and never putting in, soon comes to the bottom," as Poor Richard says; and then, " When



the well is dry, they know the worth of water." But this they might have known before, if they had taken his advice.

"If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some; for he that goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing," as Poor Richard says; and, indeed, so does he that lends to such people, when he goes to get it again. Poor Dick further advises, and says,

"Fond pride of dress is sure a very curse,  
"Ere fancy you consult, consult your purse."

And again, "Pride is as loud a beggar as want, and a great deal more sancy." When you have bought one fine thing, you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but Poor Dick says, "It is easier to suppress the first desire, than to satisfy all that follow it; and it is as truly folly for the poor to ape the rich, as for the frog to swell in order to equal the ox.

"Vessels large may venture more,  
"But little boats should keep near shore."

It is, however, a folly soon punished; for, as Poor Richard says, "Pride that dines on vanity, sups on contempt. Pride breakfasted with Plenty, dined with Poverty, and supped with Infamy.

And after all, of what use is this pride of appearance for which so much is risked, and so much suffered? It

cannot promote health, nor ease pain : it makes no increase of merit in the person : it creates envy, it hastens misfortune.

But what madness must it be to run in debt for these superfluities ! We are offered by the terms of this sale six months' credit, and that, perhaps, has induced some of us to attend it, because we cannot spare the ready money, and hope now to be fine without it. But ah ! think what you do when you run in debt—you give another power over your liberty. If you cannot pay at the time, you will be ashamed to see your creditor ; you will be in fear when you speak to him ; you will make poor, pitiful, sneaking excuses, and by degrees come to lose your veracity, and sink into base, downright lying ; for, " The second vice is lying—the first is running in debt," as Poor Richard says—and again, to the same purpose : " Lying rides upon Debt's back ;" whereas a free American ought not to be ashamed, nor afraid to see or speak to any man living. But poverty often deprives a man of all spirit and virtue. " It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright."

What would you think of that nation or that government, which should issue an edict forbidding you to dress like a gentleman or gentlewoman, on pain of imprisonment or servitude ? Would you not say that you were free—have a right to dress as you please, and that such an edict would be a breach of your privileges,

and such a government tyrannical? And yet you are about to put yourself under that tyranny when you run in debt for such a dress! Your creditor has authority at his pleasure to deprive you of your liberty, by confining you in jail for life, or by selling you for a servant, if you should not be able to pay him.\*

When you have got your bargain, you may perhaps think little of payment; but, as Poor Richard says, "Creditors have better memories than debtors: creditors are a superstitious sect—great observers of set days and times." The day comes round before you are aware, and the demand is made before you are prepared to satisfy it: or, if you bear your debt in mind, the term, which at first seemed so long, will, as it lessens, appear extremely short. Time will seem to have added wings to his heels as well as to his shoulders.

"Those have a short Lent, who owe money to be paid at Easter."

At present, perhaps, you may think yourselves in thriving circumstances, and that you can bear a little extravagance without injury, but

"For age and want save while you may,

"No morning sun lasts a whole day."

\* Imprisonment for debt is one of the relics of the "barbarous ages" which have been done away with in "free America," since Franklin's day; but poor folks running in debt for fine clothes, is 'ust as bad now, Grandfather thinks, as it was one hundred years ago.

Gain may be temporary and uncertain ; but ever, while you live, expense is constant and certain ; and, "It is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one in fuel," as Poor Richard says ; so, "Rather go supperless to bed, than rise in debt."

"Get what you can, and what you get hold,

"'Tis the stone that will turn all your lead into gold."

And when you have got the philosopher's stone, sure you will no longer complain of bad times, or the difficulty of paying taxes.

IV. This doctrine, my friends, is reason and wisdom : but, after all, do not depend too much upon your own industry, frugality and prudence—though excellent things—for they may all be blasted without the blessing of Heaven ; and therefore ask that blessing humbly, and be not uncharitable to those that seem to want it, but comfort and help them. Remember, Job suffered, and was afterwards prosperous.

And now to conclude—"Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other," as Poor Richard says, and scarce in that ; for it is true, "We may give advice, but we cannot give conduct." However, remember this : "They that will not be counseled cannot be helped : " and farther, "If you will not hear Reason, she will surely rap your knuckles," as Poor Richard says.

Thus the old gentleman ended his harangue. The people heard it, and approved the doctrine, and immediately practised the contrary, just as if it had been a common sermon ; for the auction opened, and they began to buy extravagantly.

I found the good man had thoroughly studied my Almanacs, and digested all I had dropt on those topics during the course of twenty-five years. The frequent mention he made of me must have tired any one else : but my vanity was wonderfully delighted with it—though I confess that not a tenth part of the wisdom was my own which he ascribed to me ; but rather the gleanings that I had made of the sense of all ages and nations.

However, I resolved to be the better for the echo of it ; and, though I had at first determined to buy stuff for a new coat, I went away, resolved to wear my old one a little longer. Reader, if thou wilt do the same, thy profit will be as great as mine. I am ever thine to serve thee.      RICHARD SAUNDERS.

# FRANKLIN'S ADVICE

TO

## YOUNG TRADESMEN.

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**R**EMEMBER that time is money. He who can earn £ ten shillings a day by his labor, and goes abroad, or sits idle one half of that day, though he spends but six pence during his diversion or idleness, ought not to reckon that the only expense; he has really spent, or rather thrown away, five shillings besides.

REMEMBER that credit is money. If a man lets his money lie in my hands after it is due, he gives me the interest, or so much as I can make of it during that time. This amounts to a considerable sum, when a man has a good and large credit, and makes a good use of it.

REMEMBER that money is of a prolific, generating nature. Money can beget money, and its offspring can beget more, and so on. Five shillings turned is six; turned again, it is seven and three pence; and so till it becomes a hundred pounds. The more there is of it, the more it produces every turning; so that the profits rise quicker and quicker. He that kills a breeding

sow, destroys all her offspring to the thousandth generation. He who murders (or foolishly squanders,) a crown, destroys all that it might have produced—even scores of pounds.

REMEMBER that six pounds a year is but a groat a day. For this little sum, which may be daily wasted, either in time or expense, unperceived, a man of credit may, on his own security, have the constant possession and use of an hundred pounds. So much in stock, briskly turned by an industrious man, produces great advantage.

REMEMBER this saying: “The good paymaster is lord of another man’s purse.” He who is known to pay punctually and exactly at the time he promises, may at any time, and on any occasion, raise all the money his friends can spare. This is sometimes of great use. After industry and frugality, nothing contributes more to the raising of a young man in the world, than punctuality and justice in all his dealings. Therefore, never keep borrowed money an hour beyond the time you promised, lest a disappointment shut your friend’s purse forever.

The most trifling actions that affect a man’s credit are to be regarded. The sound of your hammer at five in the morning, or at nine at night, heard by a creditor, makes him easy six months longer: but if he sees you at a billiard-table, or hears your voice at a tavern, when

you should be at work, he sends for his money the next day—demands it before he can receive it in a lump.

It shows, besides, that you are mindful of what you owe—it makes you appear a careful as well as an honest man, and that still increases your credit.

Beware of thinking all your own that you possess, and of living accordingly. It is a mistake that many people who have credit fall into. To prevent this, keep an exact account, for some time, both of your expenses and your income. If you take the pains at first to mention the particulars, it will have this good effect: you will discover how wonderfully small, trifling expenses mount up to large sums, and will discern what might have been, and may for the future be saved without occasioning any great inconvenience.

In short, the way to wealth, if you desire it, is as plain as the way to market. It depends chiefly on two words—*industry* and *frugality*—that is, waste neither time nor money, but make the best use of both. Without industry and frugality nothing will do, and with them every thing. He who gets all he can honestly, and saves all he gets, (necessary expenses excepted) will certainly become rich, if that Being who governs the world, to whom all should look for a blessing on their honest endeavors, doth not, in His wise providence, otherwise determine.

AN OLD TRADESMAN.



## FRANKLIN'S RELIGION.



We have heard doubts expressed as to Franklin's belief in revealed religion. The following remarks of his, introductory to his motion in the U. S. Convention for forming the Federal Constitution, that its sittings be opened by prayer, would tend to dispel all such doubts, if any ever existed :

“MR. PRESIDENT :—The small progress we have made after four or five weeks' close attendance, and continual reasonings with each other—our different sentiments on almost every question—several of the last producing as many *noes* as *ayes*, is, methinks, a melancholy proof of the imperfection of the human understanding. We indeed seem to *feel* our own want of political wisdom, since we have been running all about in search of it. We have gone back to ancient history for models of government, and examined the different forms of those republics, which, having been originally formed with the seeds of their own dissolution, now no longer exist ; and we have viewed modern States all around Europe, but find none of their constitutions suitable to our circumstances.

## FRANKLIN'S SPEECH IN CONVENTION.

In this situation of this Assembly, groping, as it were, in the dark to find political truth, and scarce able to distinguish it when presented to us, how has it happened, sir, that we have not hitherto once thought of humbly applying to the FATHER of Lights to illuminate our understandings? In the beginning of the contest with Great Britain, when we were sensible of danger, we had daily prayers in this room for the Divine protection. Our prayers, sir, were heard; and they were graciously answered. All of us who were engaged in the struggle must have observed frequent instances of a superintending Providence in our favor.—To that kind Providence we owe this happy opportunity of consulting, in peace, on the means of establishing our future national felicity. And have we now forgotten that powerful Friend?—or do we imagine we no longer need His assistance?

“I have lived, sir, a long time; and the longer I live the more convincing proofs I see of this truth, *that God governs in the affairs of men*. And, if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without His notice, is it probable that an empire can rise without His aid? We have been assured, sir, in the Sacred Writings, that, “Except the LORD build the house, they labor in vain that build it.” I firmly believe this; and I also believe, that, without His concurring aid, we shall succeed in this political building no better than the builders of Babel: we shall

## FRANKLIN'S SPEECH IN CONVENTION.

become divided by our little partial local interests ; our projects will be confounded, and we ourselves shall become a reproach and a by-word down to future ages. And, what is worse, mankind may hereafter, from this unfortunate instance, despair of establishing government by human wisdom, and leave it to chance, war and conquest. I therefore beg leave to move,

That henceforth Prayers imploring the assistance of Heaven, and its blessing on our deliberations, be held in this Assembly every morning, before we proceed to business ; and that one or more of the Clergy of this city be requested to officiate in that Service.

## FRANKLIN'S WHISTLE.

[GRANDFATHER advises all his young readers to obtain a copy of FRANKLIN'S LIFE, "written by himself," containing, also, his "Essays, humorous, moral and literary," in which they will find many amusing incidents like the following "TRUE STORY—written to his Nephew," and his Letter to JOHN ALLEN, Esq., on "*Early Marriages.*"]

"When I was a child at seven years old, my friends, on a holiday, filled my pockets with coppers. I went directly to a shop where they sold toys for children; and, being charmed with the sound of a WHISTLE that I met by the way in the hands of another boy, I voluntarily offered him all my money for one. I then came home, and went whistling all over the house, much pleased with my whistle, but disturbing all the family. My brothers, and sisters, and cousins, understanding the bargain I had made, told me I had given four times as much for it as it was worth. This put me in mind what good things I might have bought with the rest of the money: and they laughed at me so much for my folly, that I cried with vexation; and the reflection gave me more chagrin than the whistle gave me pleasure.

"This, however, was afterwards of use to me, the impression continuing on my mind; so that often, when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing, I said to myself, *Don't give too much for the whistle*; and I saved my money.

"As I grew up, came into the world, and observed the actions of men, I thought I met with many, very many, who *gave too much for the whistle.*

## FRANKLIN'S WHISTLE.

“ When I saw any one too ambitious of court favors, sacrificing his time in attendance on levees—sacrificing his repose, his liberty, his virtue, and perhaps his friends to attain it—I have said to myself, *This man gives too much for his whistle.*

“ When I saw another fond of popularity, constantly employing himself in political bustle; neglecting his own affairs, and ruining them by that neglect; *He pays, says I, too much for his whistle.*

“ If I knew a miser, who gave up every kind of comfortable living—all the pleasure of doing good to others—all the esteem of his fellow-citizens, and the joys of benevolent friendship, for the sake of accumulating wealth: *Poor man, says I, you do indeed pay too much for your whistle.*

“ When I meet a man of pleasure, sacrificing every laudable improvement of the mind, or of his fortune, to mere corporeal sensations: *Mistaken man, says I, you are providing pain for yourself instead of pleasure; you give too much for your whistle.*

“ If I see one fond of fine clothes, fine furniture, fine equipage—all above his fortune—for which he contracts debts, and ends his career in prison: *Alas! says I, he has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle.*

“ When I see a beautiful, sweet-tempered girl married to an ill-natured brute of a husband: *What a pity it is, says I, that she has paid so much for a whistle.*

“ In short, I conceived that a great part of the miseries of mankind were brought upon them by the false estimate they had made of the value of things, and by their *giving too much for their whistle.*”

DR. FRANKLIN TO JOHN ALLEN, ESQ.,

## ON EARLY MARRIAGES.

“DEAR JACK :—You desire, you say, my impartial thoughts on the subject of an early marriage, by way of answer to the objections that have been made by numerous persons to your own. You may remember, when you consulted me on the occasion, that I thought youth, on both sides, to be no objection. Indeed, from the marriages that have fallen under my observation, I am rather inclined to think, that early ones stand the best chance of happiness. The temper and habits of the young have not yet become so stiff and uncomplying as when more advanced in life: they form more easily to each other, and hence many occasions of disgust are removed. And if youth has less of that prudence which is necessary to manage a family, yet the parents and elder friends of, young married persons are generally at hand to afford their advice, which amply supplies that defect; and, by early marriage, youth is sooner formed to useful and regular life: and possibly, some of those accidents or connections that might have injured the constitution, or reputation, or both, are thereby happily prevented. Particular circumstances of particular persons may possibly make it prudent to delay entering into that state: but, in general, when nature has rendered our bodies fit for it, the presumption is in nature’s favor that she has not judged amiss in making us desire it. Late marriages are often attended, too, with this further inconvenience, that there is not the same chance that the parents will live to see their offspring educated. “Late children,” says the Spanish proverb, “are early orphans”—a melancholy reflection to those whose case it may be!

“With us in America marriages are generally in the morning of life. Our children are therefore educated and settled in the world by noon; and thus our business being done, we

have an afternoon and evening of cheerful leisure to ourselves, such as our friend at present enjoys. By these early marriages we are blessed with more children; and, from the mode among us, founded by nature, of every mother suckling and nursing her own child, more of them are raised. Hence the swift progress of population among us, unparalleled in Europe.—In fine, I am glad you are married, and congratulate you most cordially upon it. You are now in the way of becoming a useful citizen, and you have escaped the unnatural state of celibacy for life—the fate of many here who never intended it, but who have too long postponed the change of their conditions to find, at length, that it is too late to think of it, and so live all their lives in a situation that greatly lessens a man's value. An odd volume of a set of books bears not the value of its proportion to the set.—What think you of the odd half of a pair of scissors? It can't well cut any thing: it may possibly serve to scrape a trencher.

“Pray make my compliments and best wishes acceptable to your bride. I am old and heavy, or I should ere this have presented them in person. I shall make but small use of the old man's privilege: that of giving advice to younger friends

“Treat your wife always with respect; it will procure respect to you, not only from her, but from all that observe it. Never use a slighting expression to her, even in jest; for slights in jest, after frequent bandying, are apt to end in angry earnest. Be studious in your profession, and you will be learned. Be industrious and frugal, and you will be rich. Be sober and temperate, and you will be healthy. Be in general virtuous, and you will be happy. At least you will, by such conduct, stand the best chance for such consequences. I pray God to bless you both! being ever your affectionate friend,

B. FRANKLIN.











Little Franklinian.